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of our DUMB BROTHERS
needed examples of love, lo



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W. H. H. H.

PETE

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SHELDON FUND
JULY 10, 1940**

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To

ADOLPH MELZER

**Saponissimus Superbus, Gentleman Maximus,
Friend of the Friendless, Voice for the
Voiceless: Lover and Defender of all
our brothers that run, fly, swim,
soar, sing, grunt, bleat, baa,
whinny, cackle, ki-yi,
he-haw, moo, buzz,
bark and
meow.
E. H.**

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.
A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell through all its regions.
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the state.
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fiber from the brain does tear.
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.
The game-cock clapt and armed for fight
Does the rising sun affright.—*William Blake.*

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Three Chums

PIG-PEN PETE
OR
SOME CHUMS
OF MINE

AT THE STOCK-FARM

As we walk down the long, low sheds of the stock-farm, with rows of box stalls on either hand, the gentle racers come, full of curiosity, to the windows and put out their beautiful heads with ears to the front, while they sniff the air with mobile nostrils.

How friendly they are as we pat their warm noses and listen to the groom who recites their good points and pedigrees!

They have seen nothing but the loving side of man and know us as we should be.

The brood-mares in their shaggy winter coats are out in the paddock in the snow. The nine-day-old colt, dropped out of season, is in the heated stable with her dam, and runs up to us like a pet dog.

They are almost human, these graceful, affectionate creatures, and the eight-months' black colt, the pride of the farm (who has a mile record already to his credit and is led out every day for the owner to feast his eyes upon), seems to know his high birth and breeding.

O Horse, brother and companion and equal of huntsman and soldier—

Nobler than lion or tiger or polar bear—

Has your strenuous master, astride of you, ever bethought himself that you are the handiwork of fright and timidity?

Product of centuries long of running away, you surpass the products of ages of combat.

With no weapons but your Parthian heels, you have acquired what claws and teeth could never have won for you.

Survival of the fleetest, you have outstripped the survivals of the most belligerent.

In you, cowardice throws down the gauntlet to courage, and nervousness to nerve.

—Ernest Crosby.

· PIG-PEN PETE

A FEW OF THE BIRD FAMILY

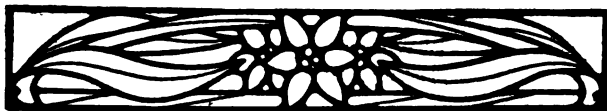
The Old Bob White, and chipbird ;
The flicker and chee-wink,
And little hopty-skip bird
Along the river brink.

The blackbird and snowbird,
The chicken-hawk and crane ;
The glossy old black crow-bird,
And buzzard down the lane.

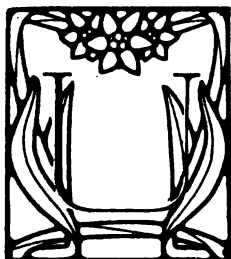
The yellowbird and redbird,
The tom-tit and the cat ;
The thrush and that redhead bird
The rest 's all pickin' at !

The jay-bird and the bluebird,
The sap-suck and the wren—
The cockadoodle-doo bird,
And our old settin' hen !

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*



Moses never saw pigs such as these we raise in America, otherwise he would never have placed the ban on pork.





P at the Roycroft Farm, where guineas galore sing songs of joy, and the Durocs grow red in the kisses of the Summer sun, is a wonderful Scotch Collie, known as Pig-Pen Pete.

Q Say, there 's literature for you—does n't that listen like Laura Lean Jibby?

Well, Pig-Pen Pete makes it his business to look after the pigs.

Always and forever, days, nights and Sundays, Pete is on the job.

Pete patrols the pens, samples the swill, digs up the bedding, stops fights between malamutes by nipping ears or legs, and generally lends safety and security to all good porcines.

If small, untaught pigs stray too far afield, Pete rounds them up and starts them for home and mother  

If young shoats, full of wanderlust and slop, try to negotiate a hole in the fence, Pete

Some goes after them with a zeal tempered only
Chums by the rule of reason.

of Mine Should a strange dog come near the pigs,
there is a fight, and Pete always wins, for
thrice-armed is he who knows his cause is
just 🐶 🐶

At night Pete cuddles close with his proteges
in a pen, warmed by their pleasing adipose,
and in very cold weather friendless runts
find warmth in his generous fur.

All of the hogs accept Pig-Pen Pete as the
prexie of the preserve, the vivakenandi of
the veldt. The pigs are not exactly afraid of
Pete; they merely respect his superior
intelligence, and are perfectly willing to do
his bidding.

How did Pete come to go into the pig busi-
ness? 🐶 🐶

Why, he was a pig puppy, that's all.

And you don't know what that is? I'm
ashamed of you, Genevieve—positively
ashamed of you!

Well, a pig dog is a puppy that has been
adopted by a—ah—er—a sow 🐶 🐶

You see Pete's sure-enough mother was
run over by an automobile and killed when
Pete was only ten days old.

There were four helpless, little, crying
kioddles. They were on a hunger strike
when a bright thought came to our hired



Fig-Pen Pete, Pygmalion and the Pigs

man, whose name happens to be Pygmalion, *Some*
and so Pyg took the orphans out to the pig- *Chums*
house and quietly sneaked 'em in with a *of Mine*
sow that had five very juvenile pigs 🐷 🐷
And the puppies pushed gleefully up to the
lunch-counter and said, " Child's Restau-
rant for ours ! "

And there you are ! 🐷 🐷

The old sow never said a word. The puppies
were about the size of her pigs, and about
the same color.

Those puppies snuggled in with the pigs
and were very happy.

In three weeks they were bigger than the
little Durocs and were accusing them of
being usurpers, and calling them damhogs,
and the little Durocs being well bred and
registered made no remarks to the puppies
about pedigree, as they might 🐷 🐷

In fact, those puppies were so pooh-bah
that we had to give three of 'em away.

¶ We just kept Pete, and he grew up a
sort of superpig.

Not long ago I met Thompson-Seton, and
told him about Pig-Pen Pete. I discovered
that the phenomenon was not new to him.
He told me that sheep-dogs were often
brought up to protect the flock from wolves
or dogs. And the plan was to take a puppy
of fighting breed and let him be suckled by

Some a ewe, and such a dog will fight and die for
Chums the flock if necessary 🐾 🐾

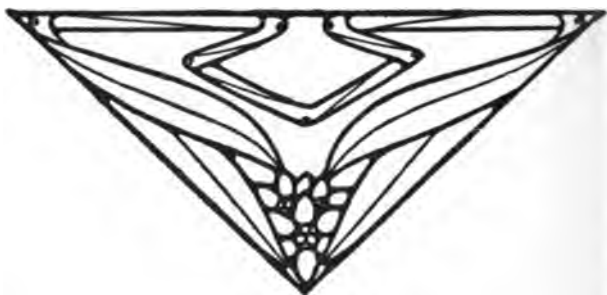
of Mine In truth, the dog's loyalty to his owner turns
on the fact that the dog regards his owner
as a superior dog—the family is the wolf
pack 🐾 🐾

That fable of Romulus and Remus suckled
by the she-wolf has a basis in potential
truth.

The boys grew up fighters and founded
Rome on a wolf basis.

An Apache Indian baby adopted at birth
into a Massachusetts family would doubt-
less grow up with pronounced ideas on
theology, education and culture, and speak
with a marked Yankee twang.

Pete's foster-mother might have said, "Give
me the puppy until he is two months old,
and you may have him afterward." 🐾 🐾



THE GUINEAS

Methinks it is clearly evident that beasts can not be mere machines, which I prove thus : God has given to them the very same organs of sensation as to us : if therefore they have no sensation, God has created a useless thing ; now according to your own confession God does nothing in vain. He therefore did not create so many organs of sensation, merely for them to be uniformed with this faculty ; consequently beasts are not mere machines. Beasts, according to your assertion, can not be animated with a spiritual soul ; you will, therefore, in spite of yourself, be reduced to this only assertion, namely, that God has endued the organs of beasts, who are mere matter, with the faculties of sensation and perception, which you call instinct in them. But why may not God, if He pleases, communicate to our more delicate organs, that faculty of feeling, perceiving and thinking, which we call human reason ? To whatever side you turn, you are forced to acknowledge your own ignorance, and the boundless power of the Creator.—*Voltaire*.



Notwithstanding their harsh cry, I like the Guinea-Fowl; they are excellent layers, enormous devourers of insects.—Donald G. Mitchell.



SEVERAL years ago, I ran across the following paragraph from the London (England) "Chronicle": "You can join the American Academy of Immortals on payment of two guineas. This guarantees your im-

mortality for ninety-nine years with privilege of renewal. Our Yankee brothers are a strange and gullible people." ❧ ❧

Well, a few weeks later a man from Kalamazoo wrote me thus: "I want you to enroll my name in the American Academy of Immortals, and in payment I send you two guineas."

There was no money in the letter, but that afternoon a box came by express containing two guinea-hens ❧ ❧

Would n't that give you cold pedals?



One of the guinea-hens was a rooster ❧ ❧

But which one I did n't know, except that one was a bit more pompous than the other

Some and had more to say. And this, I assumed,
Chums was Mr. Guinea-Hen.
of Mine The guinea-pig is n't a pig and does n't

come from Guinea  



The guinea-fowl does—being a partially domesticated partridge, prairie-chicken or sage-hen of the Guinea jungle.

Wild birds and wild animals mate—domesticate them and they become promiscuous. I do not know why this is, but it does seem as if civilization were immoral. Guineas mate, and are true and loyal until death do them part  

These two guineas the Michigan man sent me wore tailor-made suits of faultless fit.



¶ I sent the guineas up to the Roycroft Farm, so as to keep the hawks away.



When a guinea sees a hawk or any big bird flying around, he gives the alarm, and all the fowls but the guineas scoot for cover. The guinea just flies up on the gate and shoots forth a torrent of Billingsgate defiance. No bird that wears feathers has a vocabulary equal to the guinea—it is so profane that it is unprintable. Epithet, ridicule, sarcasm and cuss-words are sent forth in rapid fire. When a guinea is a little excited you can hear him a mile. As before intimated, it is Mr. Guinea-Hen who makes most of the noise, but his wife is a good

imitator, and she always echoes the sentiments of her liege—political, social, religious. On the subject of hawks, weasels, skunks and strange cats, old Mr. and Mrs. Guinea are absolutely one. On non-essentials they occasionally differ, and exhibit these differences as to what constitutes wit by many interesting little physical-culture exhibitions  

In other words, they fight.

But with guineas a foreign disturbance always makes peace at home.



The guinea has surpassed man in this—he has abolished fear. He sounds warning notes, but as for himself, he resembles Fuzzy-Wuzzy, his former owner, and does n't give a dam  

Mr. Guinea is boss of the barnyard. Even a game-bird considers discretion the better part of valor. A guinea will tackle an English bulldog. If the dog knew his power he might win, or at least get a slice of the gate-receipts, but when a guinea begins to say things at a bulldog—or any other dog for that matter—Mr. Pup stipulates all the facts concerning his lineal descent to be as stated, and hikes  

About June one of our guineas disappeared. The other one used to come around, lonesome-like, just a-wearying for his mate. He



Some would fly up on the ridge of the barn and
Chums call and call. We felt awfully sorry for him.
of Mine We thought his mate must have been killed
or stolen.

But one day, would you believe it, I saw those two guineas out in the stubble, a half-mile from the barn. They were cooing away, chuckling, clucking and seemingly polishing up their vocabularies.

I was that rejoiced that I went right out to see them. As I approached I saw a brown moving mass close to the ground all around them  .

This mass was baby guinea-hens. There were four thousand of them !

As I approached, Mr. Guinea-Hen gave a cluck and yelled, " Low bridge ! " and the little ones disappeared as if my old friend Kellar were in charge of the show.

I stood still, and in about five minutes Mr. Guinea-Hen gave another low Number Six cluck and shouted, " All safe—let her go ! " and the ground was alive with the guinea-chicks  .

They were little brown, fluffy things about as big as what the girls call " a spool of cotton," the kind that used to cost us five cents, but which now is six.

I watched them for an hour. Mr. Guinea-Hen kept circling round and round the



brood, talking in a monotone to himself. I *Some*
never heard such boasting and bragging! *Chums*
He scouted race-suicide and flouted *Mal- of Mine*
thus ♀ ♀



"What this country needs is more guineas,"
he declared in a quiet cackle. All the time
he watched the sky for hawks and hunted
for seeds and bugs, and these he passed
right over to his wife and family.

He was the busiest and happiest bird I ever
saw. Toward sundown he led his picnic
party over to the bushes, and I saw Mr.
Guinea-Hen sit down close to his mate and
the little ones nestle under them for warmth
and shelter. We read about how two thou-
sand years ago "a hen spreadeth her wings
and gathereth her young." But in this
brooding business Mr. Guinea is just as
clever and reliable as Mrs. Guinea, and the
little ones make no distinction ♀ ♀

It is a wise guinea-chick that knows its own
mother.

It must have been a month before I saw our
guineas again. This time they came right
into the barnyard—the father and mother,
and the eighteen little ones with red feet
and bills. They were about as big as Indiana
quails. All were exactly alike, very well
disciplined; they moved in a solid flock ♀
Mr. Guinea fluttered about, circled his

Some family, and called loudly for cracked corn
Chums and wheat  
of Mine We made haste to fill the order, and woe



betide the Plymouth Rock that dare come near until those twenty guineas had had enough  



Having eaten, the old ones flew up on the fence—a five-board affair, horse-high, pig-tight and bull-strong.

The old guineas walked along on the top board, and the little ones, one at a time, tackled the lower board, which was about a foot from the ground.

The second night the little ones tried the second board and spread out in a straight line, eighteen strong, with red beaks all pointed one way.

The third day they tried the third rail, and at the end of the week they had all conquered the top board.

A week later, I saw the whole bunch sitting right on the ridge of the barn, singing out of tune in a discordant chorus, but very happy  

Every night at sunset they sat on the ridge-pole and sang vespers. In the morning they did their matins from their roost in the trees  

Last night, I was awakened about two o'clock by the guineas—they were all sing-

ing, calling and shouting at once. I was wondering what it was all about when I heard Ali Baba's voice in a loud whisper :
" Git up quick—don't you hear the guineas, they are yelling for god-sake ! Something is wrong ! "

I slid out of bed, jumped into my trousers, and got out of doors. It was very dark

" The trouble is in the chicken-house, I reckon ! " said Baba. We made for the poultry-house. As we approached I saw the door was open. A man sprang out and ran past me. I made a grab for him, but missed. Baba and I both dashed after him ; we might have captured him, if Ali had n't caught the clothesline under his chin and been sent to grass. As he went down he said something almost as bad as that which the guineas were saying from the tree-tops.

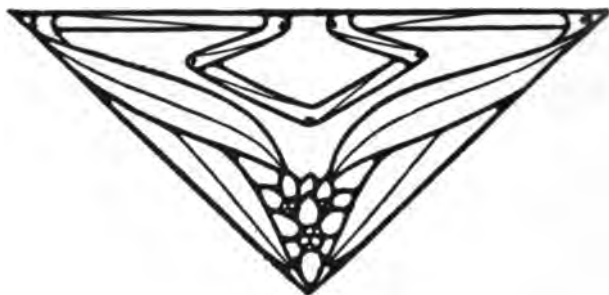
¶ The dark figure we were following tumbled over the fence and disappeared in the corn

And all the time the guineas shouted.

We got a lantern, and found a bagful of something. I cut the string and six of my best Plymouth Rocks flew out of that bag, which the Mudsock had gotten ready to carry away

We went out under the trees where the guinea-hens were roosting, and I heard

Some Mr. Guinea shout, " All safe—everybody
Chums to bed—let 'er go ! "
of Mine The discord ceased. And all around was the
great, dark, quiet, all-enfolding night, the
silence broken only by the gentle chirrup
of the crickets **♂ ♀**



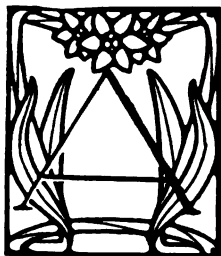
BUFFALO JONES

Men spend millions of dollars each year on pictures. Why not? It is money well spent; good pictures give lasting and elevating pleasure to all who see them. At the same time men spend much labor and ingenuity in destroying harmless wild animals. No good, but great mischief, comes of this extermination. The main reason for preserving good pictures applies to the preservation of most animals. There will always be wild land not required for settlement; and how can we better use it than by making it a sanctuary for living Wild Things that afford pure pleasure to all who see them?

—*Ernest Seton-Thompson.*



The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.—Macaulay.



TRAVELER in New Hampshire once asked a native this question, "What is your chief product?" 🐾 🐾 And the native answered, "Men!"

Illinois has also produced some superior specimens of the genus homo.

McLean County, Illinois, is in the very center of Illinois; in fact, it is the center of the garden-spot of the world—of which there are several. It has climate, weather, soil, sunshine, and folks—some of them tolerably great 🐾 🐾

This is the Lincoln country, for Abraham Lincoln on his circuit traversed this territory 🐾 🐾

The Republican party was born at Bloomington, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six 🐾 It was David Davis, a Democrat, who first suggested Lincoln as President. And Lincoln, who was always a good politician as

Some well as a good friend, did not forget **David**
Chums **Davis**, but appointed him to a seat on the
of Mine bench of the Supreme Court of the United
States ♣ ♣

I trust the fact that I was born in **McLean**
County, Illinois, does not debar me from
expressing myself concerning **McLean**
County as a breeding-ground for wise men
and virtuous ♣ ♣

In the same year that I was born, and only
a few miles away, was born the Honorable
James R. Mann. My father was present on
the happy occasion, and thereby was five
dollars to the good.

My father made the prophecy at the time
that the kid had the lungs of an orator,
and his voice would some day resound
through what the weekly "**Pantagraph**"
called the halls of fame.

Mann's father was in partnership in the
nursery business with a man by the name
of **Overman**, the firm being **Overman and**
Mann. A son of **Overman** has achieved
considerable notoriety as the maker of a
very good automobile.

The postmaster at **Bloomington** was **General**
Hovey. His son, **Richard Hovey**, proved to
be a poet—almost in **Class A**—but he passed
out at a time when he was just getting his
wings poised to aviate. Dear Ol' **Dick**! ♣



In the little village of Hudson, nine miles *Some*
from Bloomington, was born Melville E. *Chums*
Stone, writer, businessman, diplomat, *of Mine*
charming gentleman, man of ideas—plus.
His father was a Methodist preacher, and
lived about a quarter of a mile Southeast of
our eighty 🐾 🐾

Melville is eligible for the Presidency for
several reasons ; one is, he was born in a
log-house. The log-house still endures. It
is now used as a chicken-house. Surely that
hencoop has hatched some great birds—
happy hencoop !

Stone had a kinsman living at Kappa
(where we used to take our grist to grind),
and this man Stone at Kappa achieved dis-
tinction by living to be a hundred years old
and keeping his senses to the last, boasting
of his relationship to Melville.



Seven miles to the East, in the classic ter-
ritory known as Hell's Bend, was born the
boss of us all, known to the world now as
Buffalo Jones, the best man who ever put
his leg over a cayuse 🐾 🐾

His father was Yankee Jones, and he made
a fortune by supplying horses and mules to
the Government. All of the obstreperous
mules and horses that Yankee Jones owned
were broken by Bill, whose right name was
Charles, but who has since switched to the

Some more euphonious as well as more poetic
Chums name of Buffalo  
of Mine Buffalo Jones has done a few things that



the world has never seen done before. He is a unique and peculiar figure in American history, and if I can help it, his fame shall not blush unseen. Some day when I get time I am going to embalm him, like a tsetse-fly, in amber.

Buffalo Jones was along here at East Aurora a few weeks ago and stayed a day with us. We rode horseback, climbed trees, and went swimming in the creek. Then we sat on the bank by the dam-site and told stories.



¶ Buffalo is getting along toward seventy years of age, but time has treated him gently. He is lithe, tall, active, thin, lanky and agile, and loves a horse just as ever. He is filled with ambition, enthusiasm, courage and good-will. He is the pure type of the Middle West man who goes West and grows up with the country  



When one thinks of what this man has accomplished, we expect to see a dogged and determined party manifest in face, form and feature.

But Buffalo Jones is a gentleman. Withal, he is a naturalist of rare ability. His voice is mild, his manner gentle, and his head is the head of the philosopher. He is a hero, but

the fact has not smothered him ; in truth, he is not aware of it   *Some
Chums
of Mine*

Buffalo Jones has preserved the buffalo from absolute extinction. Through his energy in catching the young buffalo on the plains, preserving them, and practically domesticating them, we now have herds, or fine specimens, at least, in a great number of parks and zoological gardens all over the world. In hybridizing, his work is peculiar and unique.

But the particular thing that Buffalo Jones has recently done which merits our recognition is in his going to Africa and lassoing wild animals, and doing it in the presence of a moving-picture machine  

A little over a year ago Buffalo Jones took two American cowboys and ten American horses and went to Africa, with the simple intent of rounding up these savage things which are supposed to claw, chew, destroy and consume everything that comes in their pathway, unless their desire is neutralized by a big dose of death from a magazine-rifle  

Buffalo Jones shows pictures of some of the things he did. There is no fake about the man ; there is no pretense.

Here in America he had captured mountain-lions, dozens of them, full-grown, by lasso-

Some ing them, hog-tieing them, placing a bag
Chums over their mouths so they could not bite,
of Mine then putting the beast on a horse and carrying the animal triumphantly into camp, eventually selling him to some menagerie. ¶ No one now buys mountain-lions without calling up Buffalo Jones for quotations. ¶ Buffalo Jones shows pictures of just the way he did it. Here is a tree with a great broad stretching branch, and on this branch crouches a mountain-lion—king of American beasts. ¶

Buffalo Jones rides up, with a few of his cowboys, under the tree. He stands on his saddle, reaches up into the limbs, gives the horse a kick so that the horse runs away, and then Buffalo Jones climbs up this tree after that 'ere mountain-lion.

In his hands Buffalo carries a long, forked pole, and over his shoulder is a rope. No other weapons are his. He goes after Mr. Lion like an advertising-agent after a contract. ¶

He just literally punches the mountain-lion out of the tree with the forked pole. The cowboys below make an attempt to throw their ropes over the lion.

They miss him, and then Mr. Lion runs up the tree, jumps right over Buffalo Jones, and on up the tree he goes.

And Buffalo goes up after him with the rope. He throws the rope around the lion's body. *Some Chums of Mine*

¶ Buffalo Jones just here knows a thing which the average man does not, and that is that any animal—no matter what—when you throw a rope over it will not attack the individual who throws the rope. His one endeavor and desire is to get away, and he moves in the opposite direction. If a minute before he was full of fight, he is now filled with fear 🐾 🐾

There is one thing very dear to every wild animal, and that is his own life. He knows two ways of preserving it : one, to kill the man or beast that attacks him ; the other, to get away from him, her or it.

I read the other day, in reference to the management of armies, that an army has two functions to perform, one at a time. One of the functions is to destroy the enemy, the other is to avoid the enemy.

That is just what a wild animal does, and nothing else. Buffalo Jones is not afraid of anything that has claws or teeth—and this he proves by the camera 🐾 🐾

So when he threw his rope over the head of the mountain-lion, he pulled in the rope, slid down the rope to terra-cotta, and the lion clung to the tree, like a lawyer to a receivership. Then the camera shows Buf-

Some falo Jones and three cowboys tugging on
Chums that rope, and pretty soon down comes the
of Mine King of Beasts ; and when he strikes, one
of the boys throws another rope over him.

¶ These ropes are then tied to convenient
trees, and there is Mr. Mountain-Lion
between them. A third rope catches him by
the foot, and in two minutes he is hog-tied.

¶ Dozens of mountain-lions were captured
by Buffalo Jones in this way ; and this filled
him with a desire to go across the sea and
do in Africa in a bigger way what he had
done in America 🐾 🐾

His tour was the triumph of the American
cowboy and the American horse. No one can
see the pictures which Buffalo Jones shows
of these Come-Here horses without being
filled with a bounding pride.

So at Nairobi they arrived, and hired one
hundred negroes as assistants, at the
princely sum of three dollars a month and
" found." 🐾 🐾

These, properly clothed, would all do good
service as Pullman-Car porters. You could
tip any of them without danger of having
the stipend returned. " Yes sir," " Coming
up," " On the fire," " In a minute"—any of
these beautiful phrases, seemingly, could
leap from the lips of our dusky friends that
Buffalo Jones hired 🐾 🐾

And so they march away into the Desert *Some*
with their ten American horses—rope *Chums*
horses, that will go after everything and *of Mine*
never hesitate.

Only three of the horses were used, however. The others were simply to call on in case of accident, and no accidents occurred—except to the varmint.

You see these three riders, Buffalo Jones and his two men, Mr. Means and Mr. Lovelace, riding after a rhinoceros 🐘 🐘

But the rhino does not run very far. He stops suddenly and turns on his tormentors, and they then allow him to run after them—this on Ali Baba's philosophy that if you do not chase after a woman she will chase after you 🐘 🐘

They distract the rhino, one at a time, bringing him all the time closer to the camera.

The camera is not shown in the picture. The man who ran the camera was an Englishman, and he had to have a bodyguard of natives with spears, and two sharp-shooting Englishmen with magazine-rifles, so in case the game came too close they were simply going to kill him and let it go at that.

Buffalo Jones lures the rhinoceros down toward the camera.

He comes closer and closer—and then there

Some is a scene not shown by the camera, but
Chums described by Buffalo Jones 🐾 🐾
of Mine The gentleman who ran the camera, and his

bodyguard, took flight, and flew for the nearest trees, filling the branches like a flock of blackbirds, while down below the old rhino whets his horn on the trunks of the trees 🐾 🐾

Buffalo Jones approaches him on a dead run, swings the lasso in the air, and lands it on the nose of the rhinoceros. The rhinoceros has a very fine horn for catching the rope 🐾 The business of the rhinoceros then is to get that rope off his horn of plenty.

One end of the rope is attached to the horn of the rhino, the other to the horn of Buffalo Jones' saddle 🐾 🐾

This rhinoceros weighs three tons, and there is no hope of throwing him as you do a steer. He is built close to the ground, like a Pennsylvania politician. But the cowboys ride up, swing their ropes around his feet ; and three cowboys then hold this rhinoceros, for the first time in history, by ropes.

Finally the rhino makes off with three horses, three cowboys, and six ropes. But they get him close to a tree and they tie him, and night comes on apace, as Julia Ditto Young says 🐾 🐾

In the morning, when the sun rises, there is

simply shown the place where Mr. Rhino was. He has cut down the tree and skinned for cover, taking the ropes with him.

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

The next thing is to catch warthogs, or wild boars. The wild boar knows no such thing as fear. He gets right after a horseman and gets after him quick, but there is no animal living that is a match in a race with American horses 🐾 🐾

The wild boar chases Buffalo Jones, and Lovelace, the cowboy, chases the boar 🐾 They bring his pigship down close to the camera. They rope him, throw him end over end in the dust, tie him, play horse with him to their heart's content; then they simply unrope him, give him a kick in the terhinder, and off he goes into the desert to find his family and tell about being chased by the devil a-horseback. So they catch giraffes. So they catch zebras. The zebra, we are told, is never subdued when caught full-grown; but here the camera shows us Buffalo Jones throwing his rope over a wild stud zebra, jerking him end over end, tying him fast 🐾 🐾

Means, the cowboy, jumps off his horse, rushes up to the zebra, unties the ropes, and as the zebra gets up on his feet, Means leaps to his back, without saddle or bridle, and away goes the zebra with the American

Some cowboy on his back, kicking up the yellow
Chums dust of Africa, and all the time Means bast-
of Mine ing the zebra over the ears with a Stetson
hat, his shrill ki-yis filling the air—as truth-
fully told by the Monroe County camera.

¶ The next thing is to catch a lioness, full-
grown, wild, and the most terrible animile
on earth, we are told. The lion is the king of
beasts—but Mr. Lion always gets out of the
way when Mrs. Lion talks piccolo.

Buffalo Jones shows us pictures of how he
chased the lioness through the tall grass,
how she hides, then turns about, leaps after
her pursuers, follows them, changes her
mind, and starts to run away.

The American cowboys are right after her.
Means flings his rope, catches her by the
hind foot, Lovelace throws, and lands the
lady by her front legs.

The horses stand stiff, holding this beast
of the desert absolutely captive.

Buffalo Jones ties her feet, and muzzles her
mouth 🐾 🐾

They cut down trees right before you, make
a sort of raft or stone-boat, place the Queen
of the Jungle on this stone-boat, attach their
lassoes to the raft, tie the lassoos around the
horn of their saddles, mount and away they
go : three American cowboys—one of them
sixty and more years of age—across the

plains, dragging behind them the captured lioness 🐾 🐾

Dozens of animals they roped—chetahs, wildcats, leopards, warthogs, zebras—and never a weapon used. Not an animal injured or hurt. Some of them, no doubt, were badly scared, and have had nervous prostration since, for fear Buffalo Jones would come back 🐾 🐾

The feats of Bwana Tumbo fade into insignificance before the fun and frolic of Buffalo Jones. One is ashamed of Bwana who took such a cowardly advantage of a poor wild beast as to stand off twenty, fifty, or one hundred yards and fill the helpless animal's beautiful hide full of cold lead.

Buffalo Jones gives everything a run for its legal tender 🐾 🐾

All of the animals that Bwana Tumbo shot with a long-distance magazine-rifle, Buffalo Jones chased on horseback with a rope. He lassoed 'em, hog-tied 'em, twisted their tails, pulled their noses, trimmed their whiskers; and then turned them loose, Mr. Johnsing 🐾 🐾

Buffalo Jones is a cowboy of the West, and he glories in his power. He is one with Nature, he is a part of Nature, and he is a king of Nature if anything is or can be 🐾
Buffalo Jones is the only man in history

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

Some who has literally twisted the British lion's
Chums tail. And the recipe for twisting a lion's tail
of Mine is this : first catch your lion.

Of course the camera can show only a very small part of the work of Buffalo Jones and his two cowboys and his American horses, because most of the monkey business was done out of reach of the camera, and it was only occasionally that the beast got into co-operation or became "en rapport" with the English lord, you know, who took the pictures 🐵 🐵

When things grew too imminent, the bloomin' Britisher hiked for cover, and in a few instances his bodyguard killed the animal that Buffalo Jones was playing horse with 🐵 🐵

But finally Buffalo Jones forbade all shooting, and then it was that the bloomin' blarsted party who took the pictures, and the others who acted as guards, swore i' faith they had had enough of this kind of fun, and Buffalo Jones parted with them sorrowfully and forever, singing as they left, "Farewell, farewell, my own sweet love," etc.

Alexander and Aristotle caught wild animals five hundred years before Christ, but they only attempted to catch young ones. Since then other men have been catching the young of wild animals.

But the average man is not able to catch *Some*
anything more than a bad cold when he goes *Chums*
out and lives with Nature 🐾 🐾 *of Mine*

But here comes Buffalo Jones and does things with horses and rope that have never been done before in the history of the world, and proves his case with the aid of the most modern scientific appliance, the moving-picture film.

No one can look on this man, Buffalo Jones, and doubt his statements. The man is the soul of honor. He is incapable of untruth 🐾 Any one who has the opportunity to hear him and see his pictures should embrace it.

¶ Only a few years and all these wild animals that roam the deserts, swamps and jungles of Africa will be gone, like the beaver, the buffalo and the wild pigeons of America 🐾 🐾

Buffalo Jones will pass, too, into the Great Silence, and he will leave no successor 🐾 The cowboy is galloping from view in a cloud of dust, down to his doom, and even now we can hear only the faint echo of his shrill Ki-yi!

Nothing more romantic, nothing more poetic, nothing more courageous, was ever seen in forum or colosseum, on field or flood, than these feats of Buffalo Jones and his cowboy friends. Within two seconds of

Some disaster, they stood in their stirrups and
Chums flung their ropes into the face of danger,
of Mine and laughed at death.

Bully boy, Buffalo Jones ! Hell's Bend is proud of you, so is all McLean County ; also the whole United States admires you. And a few of us love you, you grizzled old rogue with the boyish heart ! Ki-yi ! and yet again, if I may be allowed the expression, Ki-yi !!

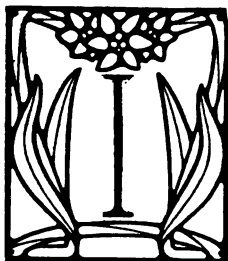


NOAH'S ARK

Familiarity alone prevents our seeing how largely and how permanently the minds of our domestic animals have been modified. It is scarcely possible to doubt that the love of man has become instinctive in the dog.
—*Charles Darwin*



The people who taunt other people with having taken temporary refuge in a pig-pen are usually those who live in pig-pens the whole year round.



WAS in Chicago the other day and went to see Raymond—"The Great Raymond." 🐷 🐷

I went Saturday afternoon, Saturday evening, and again Sunday evening. In truth, I liked the show so

well that I went Monday night 🐷 🐷

It was the same performance, but never exactly the same, because good men never duplicate themselves. They never give the same show exactly alike. Nothing but a machine is automatic.

The good health, the good cheer, the grace, the strength and the intellect that the Great Raymond puts into his performance are very beautiful and very wonderful.

And yet the innocence and simplicity of it all! 🐷 🐷

It is a great thing to relax and laugh and be a child again, when you get the chance.

Some Raymond helps you turn the dial back. He *Chums* takes dozens of eggs out of an empty derby *of Mine* hat, transfers a few of these eggs to a basket, then shows you the basket. It is perfectly empty. And now, behold, out of the basket he lifts chickens, guinea-hens, ducks, geese and turkeys—and then a rabbit—just as fast as they are hatched.

Raymond is a profound Bible student. The story of Noah's Ark interests him much. He has a wonderful Noah's Ark, of his own, on wheels. In fact, it is a great big lifeboat with a deck.



On the stage, in order to get up a storm, you must have the co-operation of the orchestra.

¶ And so the musicians play storm music, and there not being any water, the stage-hands have to fetch in a few buckets, and Raymond pours it into the Ark.

The Ark is perfectly empty ; you see that, all right. But when the storm comes they have to fasten down the hatches and close the portholes. It is a terrible storm—the orchestra whoops it up, every man for himself. And finally, the whole boat is in shipshape, ready to weather the blast.

As the storm subsides, for no storm lasts forever, Raymond opens a porthole, reaches in and pulls out a duck—then chickens, guinea-hens, geese, turkeys.


Then come sheep, goats, dogs, cats and wonderful Teddy bears. *Some Chums*

It occurred to me that a couple of nice pigs, Roycroft Reds, would add to the joy of the occasion *of Mine*  



So I telegraphed home to Ali Baba to send us a pair of pigs.

He picked out the reddest pair of little pigs you ever saw in your life, and sent them to Raymond by Parcel Post.




They were healthy, good-natured pigs, with no special excess baggage. They arrived in good order and I went to the theater to see their first performance.

Raymond named one pig Fra Elbertus and the other Emmiline Pankhurst  



Of course, not being used to the stage, they were a bit nervous before they went on, especially in view of the fact that this was a critical Chicago audience—of course, 'way up on the subject of pigs.

When Raymond reached into Noah's Ark and yanked one of the pigs out by the ear, it set up a terrible squeal. The magician set it down gently on the stage and reached for its mate. But the little pig on the stage felt lonesome, and began to look around for his partner  

Finally, both pigs were placed out on the stage, and the supers in the wings were



Some given the cue to round up the animals 
Chums They caught everything, all right, except the
of Mine little pigs. The pigs showed a fine capacity
for speed  

They eluded the supers, and all hands were piped to catch the pigs.

But alas and alack! Emmiline Pankhurst made one mad dash and went over the footlights on to the bald pate of the leader of the orchestra, caromed off into the big bass-drum, busted it, slid under the seats and wrigleyed among the feet of the Spear-mint audience  

The house was in an uproar. Women stood on the seats. Brave men reached for the pigs, but failed to catch them. The stage-hands came down in the audience and finally the porkers were secured and carried squealingly to their dressing-room.

At the next performance, on my advice, Raymond got a poodle-dog harness for each, one of those arrangements that go over the back and then around the neck, with jingling little bells.

One of the Raymond girls contributed a great big blue bow for Fra Elbertus, and Raymond got a green ribbon for Emmiline Pankhurst. Then a strap was attached to the ring on the back of each, as a safety precaution  

And now, would you believe it, those pigs are so trained that they will trot along on the street, anywhere, with their attendants. Two of the beautiful Raymond girls are making it their business to take care of these little homeless pigs—sort of chaperoning them, as 't were.

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

I met them the other day on Michigan Avenue, leading their pets like poodles. And do you know, they attracted so much attention that a crowd gathered and the police had to call a taxi and take the girls and their pets back to the Hotel Sherman!

¶ When Moses placed his ban on pork, of course he did n't know anything about the intelligence, the beauty and the affection of a sure-enough Roycroft pig. The pigs in the Orient were scavengers; Roycroft Reds are vegetarians and have a college education. 🐷 🐷

The evolution of humanity is no more wonderful than the evolution of the pig.

¶ Of course, in time, a pig grows up into just a plain dam hog. But there is this advantage, that if hard times come, a pig has a tangible value as collateral, which a poodle does n't possess.

It is probable that next year at this time, eugenics will have had its way; and instead of pulling simply two pigs out of an Ark,

Some Chums of Mine Raymond will have to liberate a dozen or more, all in the interests of the Higher Criticism, according to the law of Poetic Unities, and the Economic Dictum that the ratio of pigs keeps pace with the price of corn 🐷 🐷

The Great Raymond is not only a man of brains, but he is a poet, full of tender sentiment. He declares that, come what may, no matter what Mrs. Grundy says, he will never part with Fra Elbertus and Emmiline Pankhurst.

Great is the Great Raymond !



**SOME INSECTS I
HAVE CHUMMED WITH**

O nations ! closely should you treasure your great men, for by them alone will the future know of you. Flanders in her generations has been wise. In his life she glorified this greatest of her sons, and in his death she magnifies his name. But her wisdom is very rare.— Ouida — “*A Dog of Flanders.*”



The probable fact is that we are descended not only from monkeys, but from monks.



YESTERDAY, a man whose eighty adjoins mine on the North drove up in front of the Shop and sent in word that he wanted me to come out and see something. I went out, climbed on to his wagon, and looked down into a barrel. And what do you think I saw? A mother skunk, with six little white-and-black skunkeens—their eyes just open! No, Terese, the skunk is not an extinct animal.

My friend lifted the kittens and handled them, and passed them around for our admiration. He stroked them lovingly. And certainly they were beautiful, blinking, fluffy, innocent little propositions, guiltless of any thought that their ancestors had violated the Sherman Act through deeds in restraint of trade.

This farmer was once a floorwalker in a Buffalo Department-Store. He had become

Some inflated by a booklet showing how hens lay Chums eggs and hatch them in geometrical progression of Mine ♀ ♀

You know how the Poultry Books tell it!

¶ Well, he quit his job, moved to East Aurora, and built five long poultry-houses with board floors.

And behold, the skunks came, and they worked time and a third. Behold again, they increased in a geometrical way, even if the chickens did n't.

Soon there were no chickens.

Then the man, being practical, said, " Oh, shucks, chickens be damned—me for the skunks ! " ♀ ♀

Few men, indeed, there be who can cash in their mistakes and make money out of their blunders. This is genius !

My friend with the pets has grown into a skunk expert. He raises hundreds of them and manages to get a good income out of the business. He says that skunks have great affection, and that when once you have an understanding with them, they are free from all conduct that might be criticized by the captious ♀ ♀

He offered to sell me the family that he had in the barrel for twenty dollars, thus starting me in the business, but I declined to interest myself, pleading an excess of literary duties.

¶ My old college chum, Buffalo Jones, has *Some*
sent me free, gratis, for nothing, three *Chums*
Persian lambs, in token of gratitude for *of Mine*
the many truthful things I have said about
him 🐑 🐑

There are two ewes and a buck. Of course
we promptly named the buck, Colonel Bok,
but afterward changed the name to 'Shaw—
the Shaw of Persia, in honor of the author
of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant"—
mostly the latter.

These Persian lambs are the flat-tailed
sheep, descendants of the kind that Job
used to herd out under the stars. Abraham
once killed one of them in place of his son,
Ikey 🐑 🐑

They are a noble brand of sheep, first cousin
to a goat. We are crossing them with South-
downs, much to the advantage and benefit of
the mut. The cross gives size and stamina,
especially stamina. The buck keeled Ali
Baba yesterday for fair 🐑 🐑

The wool is dark brown—a genuine art-tint
—and is identical with the color of the suit of
clothes which Benjamin Franklin wore all
those years in Europe. Deborah used to
send him a suit every year. There was no
change in style, save that the waistband was
liberated a little with the growing years 🐑
One of my neighbors about ten miles up the

Some creek, knowing my interest in sheep, saved
Chums all the wool from his proverbial black sheep,
of Mine for in his flock there was more than one.




¶ The black wool when kept separate from the white is much more valuable. That is the way you get the pepper and salt—by mixing the black wool with the white. So my friend saved the black wool, and an old woman up near Sardinia spun and wove the wool up into cloth. It is most beautiful homespun, and as an art product, no lovers of warp, woof and weft could pass it by—unless the owner was around.



Then along comes my old friend Schaffner, a tailor from Chicago, and says he will make me up a suit of clothes out of this wonderful bolt of cloth, presented to me by my cranky friend. So he takes the cloth, borrows from the Historical Society of Philadelphia a suit of clothes from the vintage of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, and makes me a suit—barn-door knee-breeches, shad-belly coat, and rows on rows of brass buttons!

I have tried the suit on. It fits rather suddenly, but is something that has worth and merit. So far, I have not summed up nerve enough to wear it in public, on the stage. If I do I am sure that it will cause a thrill of surprise and admiration to tickle the electrodes in the parquette when I appear on the

stage of Studebaker Theater or Carnegie Hall   *Some Chums*

In fact, I promised to wear this suit at a lecture at the Witherspoon, but at the last moment, my heart failed me and I fell back on a Ready-to-Wear and the conventional. But the latest thing in the way of a glad surprise came by express last week. It was a box of sponges from Tarpon Springs, Florida. ¶ The box was packed in sea-moss and seaweed and smelled of the great salt rolling tide. Heave-ho !

In this box were sponges of more kinds and shapes than I have ever seen in my life. We spread the sponges out on a stone wall, and invited The Roycrofters to inspect them  I did not know anything about sponges, so I felt it necessary to study up the matter in order to give a little impromptu lecture on the subject, as the impression is abroad that I am a wise gazabo. My amazement as to what I did not know about sponges was very wonderful  

There is a book on sponges written by the greatest living man, and in order that there may be no dispute on the subject as to who he is, and that no smarty will think I am talking about myself, let me say that the greatest living man is Ernst Haeckel of Jena  

Some Professor Haeckel has lived in the little *Chums* town of Jena all of his lifetime. He has *of Mine* placed Jena on the map, and from this town he has been able to reach out over the world and get his spiritual antennae in touch with most everybody and everything, in the round world.

Professor Haeckel subscribes for "The Philistine" and "The Fra," which also helps prove his worth, and once he wrote us that he reads both magazines with quiet glee, and a few mental reservations 🐷 🐷 And so it happens that I have a book on sponges, with Professor Haeckel's own inscription on the flyleaf. The only disadvantage is that the book is written in German, and I speak German with a lisp, and have to rely on Fritz, a kranky, kraut book-butcher over at the Roycroft Bindery. But Fritz, he got busy when the box of sponges came, and translated most of Haeckel's book for me offhand, in lopeared, pinochle Dutch 🐷 🐷

Sponges represent a form of life that was on the earth long before men were. They are one of Nature's experiments in trying to make a man. And man's purpose is to interpret Nature, to live with her, and finally to manage her.

Some say sponges are a sort of relic from a

forgotten age, and in time will become *Some* extinct. Even now they are getting scarce, *Chums* like the buffalo and the beaver, and the *of Mine* terra-cotta art cuspidora.

Before Haeckel's time, some of the scientific books said that sponges were a vegetable growth. We now know better. The sponge is an animal 🐼 🐼

The body of the sponge, Haeckel says, is the truest form of universal embryo to be found 🐼 🐼

All animal life seems to start from about the same basis, and as things progress, they move off here and there in different directions. Some fall victims to arrested development, and become clams, others are lobsters—but we will let that pass, in defiance of the Hepburn Bill.

Originally, everything in animal life is contained in a sack filled with a jelly-like substance. This is the universal embryo told of at length by Ernst Haeckel.

In order to produce a man, Nature takes this sack and seemingly draws strings across it, tying it up into sections and pieces, and out of this sack protrudes, in the course of time, arms, head, limbs, eyes, organs, dimensions, passions—political ambitions, books, sculpture, love-tokens, oratory ! That is the way we all got our start 🐼 🐼



Some On the shores of the sea, most anywhere,
Chums you can get fine specimens of the jellyfish,
of Mine and the sponge is a jellyfish with a college education and a smart Stein-Bloch suit. Nature thought so much of the jellyfish that, at some time in her career, she began to put forth a sort of skeleton on the outside of the fish, sending out spicula, or long, waving, hair-like fibers. In the course of time these fibers join together, and we get the sponge-like covering for the jellyfish which lies within the sponge. The oyster and the clam and the Baptists have a hard shell.

The turtle and the lobster are evolved types of jellyfish fitted out with armor. Man has no armor, but he was once equipped with hair, fur and bristles. But now he has a brain, and by this brain he manufactures most anything he wants. The Marxians insist that he is growing bristles again. All of those holes and apertures in the sponge are for the purpose of sending currents of water through. The thing is not haphazard. The holes in the sponge are for the purpose of carrying eats to the animal that is inside. That is to say, the animal that is inside the sponge keeps working his overcoat, opening and closing with a true peristaltic motion, soaking in the water and also throwing it out. From the particles

that pass through he gets a living, but he *Some*
has to work for it   *Chums*



It is a little like the idea of a road-town, *of Mine*



where the houses are stretched out on one street close to one another, and everything passes by them. Electricity, light, heat, power, mail, express—everything goes by—and you just reach out and take what you want. And it is just so with the sponge.



¶ The sponge is a second cousin to the coral-insect, which, of course, is not an insect, any more than a guinea-pig is a pig. For a guinea-pig is not a pig, and it is not a guinea. However, most everything is related, and the onion belongs to the lily family  

The coral-insect is simply a jellyfish which encrusts itself with calcareous matter, this calcareous matter being a sort of waste, as is usually believed. The sponge, also, at times, puts out calcareous matter instead of the soft, fine, silky and waving mass. When this is done we get a sponge of no commercial value. This is the sponge that scratches your automobile, and instead of smoothing the surface mutilates it, and makes you use language unfit for publication.

Sponges begin their career by attaching themselves to a rock or a shell, or some secure spot on the bottom of the sea. They grow for fifty or a hundred years, but the

Some most of their growth is contained within
Chums ten years' time  

of Mine There are people who have propagated sponges. W. H. Moore tried the experiment, but he said they were of such slow growth that the business of raising them would never be a commercial success. But if you want to see what Moore says, send to the Fisherman's Commission, Department of Agriculture, Washington, District of Columbia, and ask for Moore's "Report on Sponges." It reads like a novel by Robert W. Chambers  

Sponges lay eggs, and in some species we have both the male and the female, which live in close proximity without scandal, happily attached to one big rock, living out a beautiful life of self-sacrifice and abnegation in response to the laws of Nature; raising a big family that are set afloat and go off and earn an honest living for themselves  

It seems that Nature has tried about every possible scheme for the propagation of life, and we have no reason to believe that she is through yet. The processes of Nature are still going on, busy in this experiment, with all the time there is.

One day a fellow from Jamison Road brought a toad to the Roycroft Shop. This

man knows more about toads than anybody else in this neck of the woods. *Some Chums of Mine*

This was a peculiar kind of toad, with great, big, luminous, brown eyes—the eyes of genius. But outside of this, the toad seemed to show no remarkable intellectual development. In fact, his brow was low ; but, in any event, he was a good, big, fat, squatty, warty, happy toad—with a well-satisfied ego. He probably considers himself a Progressive 🐸 🐸

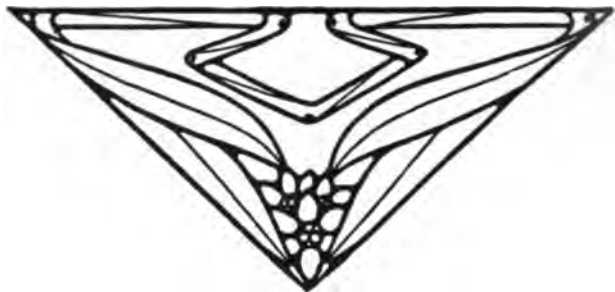
Rostand has told us in his play, " Le Chantecler," that all toads are very proud of their warts. Everything and everybody is proud of all his possessions, just as Tom Sawyer was proud of his sore toe.

My friend fished this toad out of his overcoat pocket, and holding it in his hand, went on to explain to me the peculiarities of Colonel Toad. It was a gent toad, king of his own particular toad bailiwick ; that is to say, he was the biggest toad in the puddle, toadied to by the entire toad contingent 🐸

My friend explained to me that the warts on the back of this toad were sort of rudimentary places where eggs were once deposited, and Colonel Toad, he carried them around, until in the course of time they were hatched out 🐸 🐸

And this particular toad that my friend had

Some was incubating a nice little brood of toad-
Chums eggs on his back, deposited there by the
of Mine toad suffragette, who evidently had other
work to do, and so put her duties on the
back of the old man—a thing which, we are
told by Ali Baba, will occur when women
get the right of suffrage ♀ ♀



WHY I RIDE HORSEBACK

Gamaun is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known ;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.
—*Barry Cornwall.*



Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander, hath as lasting fame as his master.—Benjamin Franklin.



RIDE horseback because I prize my sleep, my digestion and my think-trap 🐾 That is to say, I ride in order that I may work 🐾 I wish to be a good transformer of divine energy. I want to add to the wealth

and happiness of the world, and to make two grins grow where there was only a grouch before.

To take care of myself, and then produce a surplus for the benefit of the world, is my ambition 🐾 🐾

"We are strong," says Emerson, "only as we ally ourselves with Nature."

I find that when I go in partnership with a good horse, I keep my nerves from getting outside of my clothes. I am better able to act sanely, serenely and happily, dispose of difficulties and surmount obstacles 🐾 🐾

A horse helps you to "forget it."

A horse has no troubles of his own.

Some He does not pour into your ear a sad tale of
Chums woe and inappreciation ♣ ♣
of Mine I have ridden horseback almost daily for the

last forty years. And I enjoy horseback-riding today more than ever before ♣ ♣
I have never been sick a day in my life ;
and I have never lost a meal except through inability of access.

I have made fortunes for myself—and for other people. Also, I have lost fortunes ; but, thank Heaven, I have always had all the mazuma I needed, even if not all I wanted.

¶ The man who keeps his strength and good-cheer in this country will never be out of a job. And of work I have always had a plenty ♣ ♣

God has certainly been good to me. I think I have had as much fun and as many laughs as any man in the wide world.

I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work, said Robert Louis Stevenson, the well-beloved ♣ ♣

One of the principal reasons why I have been able to do good work is because I have always kept on close, chummy terms with at least one good horse.

Alfred Russel Wallace says that civilization had its rise in the domestication of animals ; that where men domesticated the horse, the ox, the camel, the elephant, civilization

thrived and man evolved ; but that in coun- *Some*
tries where man had nothing in the way of *Chums*
domestic animals except a tame wolf— *of Mine*
that is, the dog—there was no evolution ♣

The centaur, that fabled combination of a man and a horse, had its rise in the dim ages when man first tamed a wild horse. Some boob saw a man on horseback, and he was so amazed that he told the whole boob family that he had seen a man with the body of a horse. And being boobs, they believed it.

¶ A man on horseback was pretty nearly invincible until the invention of gunpowder ; and the first use of gunpowder was to scare horses. The idea of the explosion heaving a rock or an iron ball was a later idea ♣ ♣ My opinion now is that if we are going to preserve our vigor; our courage, our enjoyment, we will have to be on good terms with Mother Earth and close up to Equus Caballus ♣ ♣

The two greatest men the world has ever seen were both horsemen. Aristotle was the world's first schoolmaster and the world's first scientist. He taught school out of doors, and all of his pupils were taught to ride horseback.

Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander the Great. He taught Alexander to ride the wild horse Bucephalus, and Aristotle sat

Some on the top rail of the paddock and watched
Chums his pupil turn the trick.
of Mine Aristotle wrote a book of a thousand pages

on the horse. He said all there was to say
on the subject, and no man can ever write
at length about the horse without quoting
Aristotle 🐾 🐾

Aristotle dissected the dead body of a
horse. He then fastened the skeleton
together, preserving all of its articulations.

¶ The native villagers stood around and
watched him ; and when the skeleton was
all fastened together with the aid of thongs,
the villagers chuckled, gurgled and bubbled
in glee and said, " We knew they could
never do it ! "

The merry villagers thought that Aristotle
and Alexander were endeavoring to make a
horse, and they were overjoyed to see that
Aristotle was not able to clothe the bones
with flesh, put the skin on the horse, saddle
him, and ride him down the street and
shoot up the town.

That was one on Aristotle 🐾 🐾

The next man to write a book on the horse
was Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo was the
most accomplished, graceful, gracious, effi-
cient and versatile personality that the
world has ever seen.

Among other things he did was to paint a

picture of his ladylove, the Mona Lisa, *Some*
which picture was stolen from the Louvre *Chums*
and (we were told) was brought to America. *of Mine*
But that was a libel. Leonardo got the
trifling sum of eighty thousand dollars for
the picture. It is now worth a million **£ £**
Leonardo was a horseman. And one of the
big things that Leonardo did was to write a
book on the horse. Aristotle wrote the first
book, Leonardo the next, and nearly two
thousand years separate these men. No one
has ever tackled the job of writing on the
horse exhaustively since the days of Leo-
nardo **£ £**

Leonardo attributed much of his bubbling,
perennial joy in life to his close association
with the horse. He was a horseback-rider
from childhood until his eighty-fourth year,
when death, through accident, claimed him,
and he went out with a smile and a wave of
the hand, first intimating with broken
breath that if there were no horses in
Paradise he did not care to go there **£ £**
So died Leonardo, the gifted, the gracious,
the kindly, the loving, the strong.

I have ridden horses since I wore trousers
buttoned to a calico waist, and no other
garment but these two. Then I used to swim
horses when I wore no more than they did.
In my childhood I could go out to the barn

Some in the night, and find, saddle and bridle any
Chums particular horse that my father wanted 🐎
of Mine My father was a country doctor, and used to
ride much nights. Sometimes I rode with
him, first behind him, then in front of him,
and then I got a horse of my own 🐎 🐎

The other day a man came along here from
New York City and asked Ali Baba this
question, "Is Mr. Hubbard giving many
lectures this year?" And the old man
replied: "Good Lord! How can he go off
giving lectures? Don't you know that his
mare has a colt?" And it is so.

Garnett, my best saddle-animal, has the
greatest little baby horse that ever came
jogging down the cosmic pike.

He is a dark bay, with a star, a snip, and
three white feet. He has big, wide-open,
lustrous eyes, the eyes of genius, and he
comes by the genius rightfully, for his
mother is a genius of the horse tribe 🐎 🐎

I have owned many horses, but never did I
find such a combination of strength, intelli-
gence, docility, speed, endurance and good-
cheer as this mare, Garnett, possesses. She
has never been touched with whip or spur.

🐎 I owned her mother; and I broke, bitted
and rode the foal. I once asked a man in
Texas how he broke his horses. He replied,
"Stranger, we don't break no horses; we

just git on an' ride." So it was with Garnett. *Some*
She was broken from the start. *Chums*

No one has ever ridden Garnett but myself, *of Mine*
excepting Miriam. Miriam is always butting
in, using everything that is mine just as if it
were her own. When Miriam was about ten
years old, she went down to the barn one
day and climbed on Garnett, and to my great
astonishment rode away up the street on a
dead gallop, with just a halter to guide with.

¶ Garnett and Miriam were on very good
terms from the first.

Garnett is the genuine saddle-horse told of
by Leonardo, for she knows how to mix
psychologically with the rider. She anticip-
ates where you want to go and the speed
at which you want to travel. You guide her
by the motion of your body, and by merely
"holding the thought."

Someone asked Henry Thoreau what he did
when he wanted to turn his canoe, and
Henry replied, "I just carry the idea in my
mind that I wish to turn, and the canoe goes
just where I want it to." The fellow tried
the trick, and got upset in some very dāmp
water—this because he did not have the
canoe instinct.

Any man with horse instinct soon comes to a
perfect understanding with one of these
high-bred horses 🐾 🐾

Some Garnett is eighteen years old, and I have
Chums ridden her almost daily for fifteen years.
of Mine Night or day, Winter or Summer, storm,
sleet, wind, hail, snow, or glorious sunshine,
it makes no difference.

Garnett enjoys stormy weather, and so do I.

¶ It is a great thing to feel that you are bigger than the elements. And a horse of the right kind helps you to hypnotize yourself into the belief that you are a part of all you see, and hear and feel.

No man can have melancholia who loves a horse and is understood by one 🐾 🐾

You shake off your troubles and send your cares flying into the wanton winds when you ride horseback 🐾 🐾

Garnett has never slipped or stumbled with me so as to go down. She has never been on her knees, unless politely requested to. She has never been sick, lame or laid up, and Miriam rode her up to within a week before her baby, little Fra Asbestos, was born 🐾 Garnett was sired by Hamlin's Almont, and Almont was the sire of fifty-one in the 2.30 list. He sired three horses that formed a triple team that trotted in 2.12, which is the world's present triple-team record.

Almont was a horse of wonderful personality 🐾 🐾

The dam of Garnett was Sionora, sired by

George Wilkes, one of the greatest sires of *Some* trotting blood that the world has ever seen. *Chums*
 ¶ The sire of Fra Asbestos is The Miter-Bearer, 2.19½; and The Miter-Bearer is of *Mine*
 a foal of Nettie King, sired by Mambrino King, the handsomest horse in the world. The Miter-Bearer is full brother to The Abbot, 2.04½, who held the world's trotting record; also to The Abbe, 2.04, the horse that now holds the world's record as a double-gaited horse, having trotted or paced over fifty heats between 2.00 and 2.05. ¶ The Miter-Bearer was sired by Chimes, by Electioneer—dam, Beautiful Bells, the greatest mother of trotters the world has ever seen. She had twelve colts, all in the list, and the prices at which they were sold footed up close to a quarter of a million dollars. ¶

It will thus be seen that Fra Asbestos is born to the purple. No horse in this neck of the woods traces to as many of the fast ones. For all of which we must thank Pa Hamlin, now running barefoot in the Paddock of the Blessed; and my neighbors, Ed Geers, Ben White, Billy McDonald, and Billy Andrews, fine fellows all, horse-lovers and friends of humanity, without grump, grouch or graft proclivities, giving much, asking little. ¶

The life of a swarm of bees is like an active and hazardous campaign of an army; the ranks are being continually depleted, and continually recruited. What adventures they have by flood and field, and what hair-breadth escapes! A strong swarm during the honey season loses, on an average, about four or five thousand per month, or one hundred and fifty per day. They are overwhelmed by wind and rain, caught by spiders, benumbed by cold, crushed by cattle, drowned in rivers and ponds, and in many nameless ways cut off or disabled.

—*John Burroughs.*

THE BEE

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

COWS AND CALVES

Some Now it is quite probable that if we could
Chums communicate with a bee, and ask it why it
of Mine makes honey, it would say, "I make honey
because I choose to," just as Schopenhauer's
boulder that rolled down hill explained that
it did so because it found a peculiar pleasure
and satisfaction in so doing ♣ ♣



Men think they do certain things because
they choose, but the actual fact is they
simply succumb to the strongest attraction
and call it choice. Is n't a man under the
domain of Natural Law just as much as a
bee? I think so. The recognition of this great
truth concerning the Solidarity of the Race
marks a mental epoch in the onward and
upward march ♣ ♣



With the bee, there is seemingly no evolu-
tion. The Spirit of the Hive is fixed within
narrow limits.

With man, the Spirit of the Hive, or, if you
prefer, the Spirit of the Times, or the
"Zeitgeist," is a constantly changing spiri-
tual entity ♣ ♣

Ancient Athens was made and controlled by
fourteen men. But these masterly men did
not represent the "Zeitgeist," nor were
they strong enough to form the Spirit of the
Hive. They kept the many in subjection by
the seductive ecclesiasticon—by shows,
spectacles, pomps, processions—and when

danger at home became imminent, the mob was diverted by a foreign war.

As long as the actual "Zeitgeist" of Greece was saturated with religious fanaticism, superstition and a childish tantrum tendency, the fourteen great men of Athens, who for just thirty-six years sat on the lid, were in a very dangerous position *Some Chums of Mine*  .

The miracle is that they kept the beast down and under long enough to build the temples and embellish them with undying works of art. But they were allowed to do their work, only by pandering to the "hoi polloi" idea that the statues represented the gods in Elysium, and that the Pantheon was for the habitation of Zeus Himself. To find the Deity in yourself by producing Art was a truth the many could not comprehend, and when Praxiteles hinted at it, his temerity cost him his life  .

When Phidias placed his own portrait with that of Pericles upon a sacred shield, the glory that was Greece got its death-sentence.

¶ The mumble of discontent grew into a roar. Socrates was passed the hemlock, and all the fourteen actual gods who made the glory were either killed or ostracized—robbed, disgraced, undone.

The "Zeitgeist" had its way. Socrates, Pericles, Phidias, Herodotus, Empedocles,

Some Euclid and Sophocles no more represented the Spirit of the Hive that existed at *Chums* Athens, than Jesus represented the "Zeitgeist" of Jerusalem in the age of Augustus. *of Mine* ¶ Savonarola, Tyndale, Ridley, John Huss, Wyclif, George Wishart, were martyrs all to the Spirit of the Times. Yet Socrates, Jesus, Savonarola, Old John Brown—none of Freedom's illustrious dead—died in vain. They died that we might live; and as a single drop of aniline will tint an entire cask of water, so has the blood of martyrs tinted the Spirit of the Times and given us a peculiar and different "Zeitgeist" from that which we would otherwise have had. ¶ The death of Lincoln created a sentiment which the living man could not, and which in time brought the entire South to an acknowledgment of the righteousness of his cause. ¶

The "Zeitgeist," not being able to understand or assimilate the doctrines of the seers and prophets, killed them. The man who preaches doctrines or performs deeds contrary to the Spirit of the Times is ever regarded as the enemy of the State, a menace to society, and is snuffed out. Whether he be above the law or below it matters not: the saviors of the world have always been hanged between thieves. This



full, frank, free expression which we now enjoy is the precious legacy of a blood-stained past. And it is for us, the living, to see that these dead shall not have died in vain. Familiarity breeds indifference, if not contempt, and whether there be men now living as great as those fourteen in the time of Pericles, it would be difficult to determine.

¶ But this we know—we have a Spirit of the Hive now that is making honey honestly, and that, too, of a satisfactory quality, while the honey of Hymettus was made by that immortal fourteen who worked by stealth, plot, plan and connivance.

Our Spirit of the Times is of a kind unequaled in history. We have thousands upon thousands of men and women who are thinking great and noble thoughts and doing great and splendid work 🐝 🐝

Our "Zeitgeist" is sensitive, restless, alert, impressionable, progressive, and is making for righteousness. The man who can imagine a better religion than now exists is allowed to throw his vision on the screen, and he who can imagine a better government than we now have, is not hanged for his pains, but is allowed to express his dream 🐝 🐝

Public opinion rules. No law that is contrary to the "Zeitgeist" can be enforced.

Some Judges translate and interpret the laws to
Chums suit the Spirit of the Times. Every man who
of Mine speaks out loud and clear is tinting the
"Zeitgeist." Every man who expresses
what he honestly thinks is true is changing
the Spirit of the Times. Thinkers help other
people to think, for they formulate what
others are thinking. No person writes or
thinks alone—thought is in the air, but its
expression is necessary to create a tangible
Spirit of the Times. The value of a thinker
who writes, or of a writer who thinks, is that
he supplies arguments for the people and
confirms all who are on his wire in opinions
often before uttered  

THE WISE GUY

What does it cost, this garniture of death ?
It costs the life which God alone can give ;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath ;
It costs dead joy that foolish pride may live ;
Ah, life and joy and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet !
—Anon.



A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!
—Richard III.



FEW weeks ago I had a horse for which I had no use. I traded a two-year mooley bull for him 🐾 🐾

He was a nice little horse, kind of so-so, all-round, safe for ladies, aber nit 🐾

I knew a young fellow who wanted just such a horse. I liked the young fellow, and knowing his salary was meager, decided to give him a glad surprise. I might have presented him the horse, but I wanted him to think he was buying it.



"Say, John, what will you take for that horse?" said His Nibs to me as we met on Main Street 🐾 🐾

"Lookee, Bosco," said I, "you can have this horse for five dollars. Now ride him home—I'm in a hurry!"

The young fellow smiled a sickly, silly smile, stood on one foot and then on t'other and asked this question: "Why, what's—what's the matter with him?"

"Nothing," said I. "Do you want him?" 🐾

Some My man scratched his head, coughed,
Chums and replied, "I 'll have to think about it,"
of Mine and mosied over to Parson's grocery to get
Uncle Billy Bushnell's advice as to whether
to accept my offer or not.

The next day I sold the horse to a stranger
for sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. I
asked sixty-five for him, he offered sixty.
We split the difference  

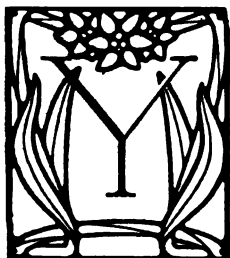
COWS AND CALVES





The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body as ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die, just as we do. They possess the same feelings ; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species.




—*Thomas Chalmers.*



Don't swear at the Cows! Be gentle—it means more milk.



ES, Hezekiah, this is a little straight Cow-Talk  And, lookee, please, Hez, write me down as one who, while not especially stuck on doctors, lawyers and preachers, yet loved cows and horses  I am a cow-boy by prenatal tendency. I have rounded up the mavericks since I wore a round-about buttoned to a calico 'waist, and  some of them I have branded with a .

A cow is a mammal. I write that because Professor Jarrett Bumball says that every literary production should begin with a truism. So, to repeat, a cow is a mammal  Also, a cow's baby is a calf. When you say, "bawled like a calf," you are true to Nature. The calf has a lot of sentiment, and when the little fellow is cold, hungry or lonesome, he lifts up his voice in disharmonic yawp  

Between the cow and the calf there is a

Some great affection, and a perfect understanding.
Chums A young calf, separated from its mother,
of Mine will cry itself pretty nearly to death. Its woe is pitiful ; and when it is allowed to get back near its mother, it manifests its joy unmistakably 🐄 🐄

The cow will lick the calf, breathe on it, caress it, talk to it, and express her great concern if the little boob should accidentally slip or stumble in its gambols.

We say that the affection a cow has for its calf is " almost human." Just what we mean by that is not certain, since the cow is always loyal to her baby, and humans are sometimes loyal to theirs and sometimes not 🐄

The other night, about nine o'clock, a barn caught fire two miles out North of East Aurora on the Buffalo turnpike. We saw the smoke and the flames, and a half-dozen of us just jumped into an auto and hiked out to see if we could be of any help.

There was n't anything we could do, however. The fire had caught in the haymow, by the careless upturning of a lantern All we could do was just stand around and watch the barn burn 🐄 🐄

And as we stood there, a cow, out back of us, came bursting through the line of men and boys. She was bellowing and in great distress. We tried to head her off. But it was

no use. She shot past us and went straight into the door of the burning barn. "What 's the matter with that 'ere cow?" said a fellow near me

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

And the owner of the cow, standing by, answered: "She has a calf a couple of days old. We got all the cows out, and the calves, too; but this cow and her calf got separated, and she thinks her calf is in the barn."

¶ And so the cow was just swallowed up by the flames and smoke, and that was the last we saw of her.

Her own welfare was nothing, when the interests of her baby were involved. Mother-love was supreme, and life was a thing to fling away for love's sake

Of course the cow never thought it out that way. Cows do not reason—they act. This cow just obeyed the dictates of her nature—the cow nature.

As before stated, truthfully and without evasion, the cow is a mammal. She gives milk, and this milk, as far as Nature is concerned, has but one purpose, and that is to feed the calf

But man appears on the scene and taking advantage of the cow's maternal instinct, banks on it and appropriates the milk. Occasionally, cows have twin calves; and my opinion is that some time ago, geolog-

Some ically, twin calves were the rule and not the
Chums exception—this for the reason that the
of Mine average cow supplies enough milk for
twins ♀ ♀

When twin calves are born, it will be noticed that these calves appropriate the lunch-counter, one on either side, and get busy, to the great satisfaction of the cow and the delight of the calves.

Twin calves never suffer for lack of milk. Nature—whatever Nature is—is very kind. Her adaptation of means to ends is beneficent, beautiful, right ; and in the presence of this Divine Intelligence we stand silent, subdued, uncovered ♀ ♀

Walt Whitman, contemplating a drove of cows, once wrote :

I think I could turn and live with animals, they
are so placid and self-contain'd,

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

And while a cow gives milk enough for two calves, if she is running in the pasture with one calf, the economies come in and the cow's milk gently and gradually ceases, until the bovine is supplying just enough for one calf and no more. Here is adaptation of means to end. And as the cow's milk dries up, she takes on fat 🐄 🐄

And so it happens that cows that run out in broad pastures, fancy-free, caring for just one calf, evolve into what are called "beef cattle." That is, they have a maximum of fat and give a minimum of milk.

All cows of any breed that are not milked regularly and "stripped" evolve beef. The Black Angus and Herefords are good examples. These cattle evolved on the heath and heather, running wild, practically; whereas the Jerseys, the Guernseys and the Ayrshires were carefully tended and milked at regular intervals by the hands of men, and these cows evolve into milk breeds 🐄
The best type of milk breed is the Holstein, evolved in Holland. In many districts in Holland, every family has a cow—a family cow. This cow has one calf a year, and is milked for ten months 🐄 🐄

Two teats are sacred to the calf, and two are for the household. When you milk, you milk against the calf; and under these con-

Some ditions a cow gladly gives down her milk—
Chums all she has 🐄 🐄
of Mine And the tendency is to evolve a cow that

gives a great quantity of milk. In response to desire, in her love for the calf, she gives more milk than she otherwise would.

By carefully encouraging this tendency to give, the Holstein has evolved into the premium quantity-giver.

Nevertheless, if Holsteins are turned out on a range, the Holstein cow will dry up exactly as an Angus or a Hereford will, and in a few generations you will have a beef cow 🐄. The milk of the cow is exactly adapted to the needs of the calf. Every calf that is nursed by a mother cow is fat, sleek, happy, growing, on good terms with himself and the world 🐄 🐄.

In all my experience with cattle, covering, say, forty years and more, I have never seen a case of a sick calf that was sucking a cow 🐄 🐄.

Nature is on the side of the young. God is good to the baby ; and He would be good to the grown-ups if they would not insist on setting themselves up as superior to their Maker 🐄 🐄.

Now here comes a peculiar situation. In New England, about fifty years ago, foodstuffs being very much in demand, a smart Yankee

made the discovery that, instead of letting *Some* the new-born calf remain with its mother, *Chums* he could take the calf away immediately *of Mine* after it was born, carrying it off to an adjoining barn, where its mother could not hear it bleat and cry, and after going without food for twenty-four hours, this calf, in its ravenous hunger, would learn to drink milk, instead of taking it in the good old natural way, as babies do 🐄 🐄

Then the Yankee, being very much a Yankee—in fact, what Down South they call a Damyankee—instead of giving the calf pure milk, such as Nature provides, would give it skimmed milk.

This robbing a baby of its food was surely a Yankee trick 🐄 🐄

But a calf fed that way is never sleek, round, happy and fat—though it may live, like bottle-babies live, in spite of hell 🐄 🐄

Then the Yankee gradually diminished the amount of skimmed milk—for skimmed milk has a certain value—and he put in hot water, bran or meal.

Of course the calf's digestive apparatus was n't exactly fitted for coarse food, and some would die. In truth, one calf out of ten, treated in this way, goes on a hunger strike and is starved to death.

Milk was too valuable to feed to calves—

Some that's the idea—and a substitute was
Chums devised: all this founded on the popular
of Mine fallacy that you can get something for
nothing, and that two deducted from two
equals one ♣ ♣

The idea spread throughout New England
and neighboring States, and all of the
districts known as "The Dairy Country,"
stretching toward the Middle West, adopted
the scheme of taking calves away from their
mothers as soon as they were born.

The Hollanders and the dwellers on the Isles
of Jersey and Guernsey break even with the
calf. They do business on a basis of fifty and
fifty, as the theater-managers say ♣ ♣



The calf takes two teats and the family two.
It's a race between you and the calf, and
this kind of treatment evolved what is
known as the Great Milk Breeds.



Man has a wonderful brain. He is contin-
ually intent on getting the start of God
Almighty, but in this thing of raising cows
for milk he has overdone it.

There are big barns in America, near big
cities, where cows are tied up, giving birth
to calves while standing in a stanchion fixed
and almost immovable. The calf is taken
away without the cow ever being allowed to
love and minister to it in her own natural
way ♣ ♣

This calf is sold within a day or so for one, *Some*
two or three dollars. The carcass is fed to *Chums*
the people in "the Lower Part of Town." *of Mine*

A new-born calf weighs one hundred pounds,
on an average. So, say, three dollars a hun-
dred against eight dollars a hundred is dog
cheap (I trust I use the right word). And
while there are laws everywhere against
the sale of "bob-veal," yet the law, being
administered by men, is sometimes myopic.



¶ There are also markets, which we may
call "segregated markets," where improper
food is allowed to be sold—that is, tuber-
cular hogs, sickly cattle, bob-veal, every-
thing goes, and the law does n't know any-
thing about it, because the law never takes
cognizance of anything that it does n't want
to see. "The law is a hass," said Colonel
Bumball  



So behold the curious combination of cow's
milk being too valuable to feed to a cow's
baby. The calves not sold for veal, but fed
on hot water and sawdust, often decline,
lose appetite and die before they are three
months old. In truth, one out of three dies,
but as before stated one out of ten deliber-
ately starves itself to death. If the calf lives
beyond three months, it gets to eating grass
or solid foods, and evolves  

However, such cattle are always stunted,

Some and it takes at least a year for them to catch
Chums up. A calf that is never stunted, that has
of Mine one-half the milk that its mother supplies
and has the joyous freedom of associating
with its mother, will put on a hundred
pounds in weight a month.

At three months it is eating, and can safely
be weaned, for the mother has taught it to
drink water and eat grass.

Such a calf six months old will weigh as
much as a yearling that has never been
allowed to associate with its mother  .
What you gain in speed you lose in power.
That simply means that what you gain in
one way you lose in another. If you save
milk and starve your calf on skimmed milk,
and hot water and bran, you produce a weak,
stunted and imperfect creature.

The man who ran Dotheboys Hall, which
cuts such a figure in Dickens' "Nicholas
Nickleby," thought boys were not worth
feeding. The skinflint dairyman holds the
same idea about calves  .

Practically all of the cattle raised in the
dairy districts of America are stunted,
runted, imperfect ; and the matter has been
getting worse and worse, until now we find
that the killing of calves—which amounts
to the destruction of nine million veals a
year in America—has decreased our beef-

supply, as compared to population, until the price of beef is an aviating proposition. Even the Middle West, where we used to break even with the calf, has adopted the Yankee plan of taking calves away from cows, and also the villainous plan of dealing in bob-veal. *Some Chums of Mine*

The farmer gets the dollar or two for the calf right on the spot. This is velvet. He considers himself lucky to get rid of the calf, because then he has all the milk that the cow gives, to sell to the cheese-factory or to use in butter.

This temptation to get the dirty dollar on the spot is more than he can stand.

The farmer gets for his milk five cents a quart, good cash money. This knocks him off his economic perch.

When you raise a calf it means an investment. You have to keep him a year, or two years or three. A three-year-old cow has a calf of her own and is on a milk-producing basis. But think of all those three years that you have to wait for your money!

The farmer has n't been willing, or able, to wait for his money. And so he has succumbed to the greedy dollar, and the result is that this country is experiencing a cattle famine. We have disturbed the natural balance of things. Kill all your calves and it

Some is just a question of time before you have
Chums no cows. And we have killed so many calves
of Mine the past ten years that both our milk-supply
and our beef-supply are on the blink.

A ranchman is a man who has a thousand
head of cattle, and uses condensed milk in
his coffee ☞ ☞

A dairy sharp is a man who sells bob-veal,
or else tries to raise calves on soapsuds,
whitewash and sawdust, thinking the calf
will never suspect but that it is getting
"mother's milk."

Between these two lies the truth. A widow
—any widow—with one cow will give that
cow's calf half the milk until the calf is a
month old if she is to sell it for veal. If she
is raising the calf, she will give it half the
milk until it is three months old. Then she
has a calf that is worth fifteen dollars or
more. This is the commonsense way to
raise good cattle. It is the obvious way, and
the widow follows the plan because she is a
woman and her mother instincts prompt her
to do what is beautiful and right and just by
her cow and calf. Their happiness is hers ☞
The rancher plan deprives you of milk and
butter. The skinflint Yankee dairy plan will
eventually deprive us of cattle. You can't
work both ends against the middle and win
out ☞ ☞

Here and there women are going into the dairy business. And they make a success of it, too, because they are willing to move in the line of Nature. Here is a case where woman's instincts do not play her false. The calf-buyer reveals the lowest depth to which a human being can fall. I do not know of anything to equal it in the way of degradation. Taking the baby cow, crying for love and sustenance, and carrying this baby off and selling it for an insignificant piece of silver to ignorant, lowly people who do not know any better than to eat it, while the law leans up against a convenient building and looks the other way!

But certainly a calf-buyer would n't exist were it not for the fact that the farmer is a partner in the crime. And next to the farmer who sells his calves to the calf-buyer and jams them into a crate and carries them off to town at night, is the farmer who thinks to get the start of God Almighty by feeding the calf on something else than milk. Until the farmers in this country get rid of the hallucination that there is any substitute for milk in the building up of a calf, there is no hope for their salvation.

If I go to Heaven, I don't want to go where there are a lot of these ignorant, conscienceless, mean, small, quarreling, quibbling,

Some grasping, unsympathetic, stupid, bewhiskered Christian agrarians.

Chums of Mine My heart is with the cow and with the calf.

¶ The divinity of motherhood is just as much manifest in the cow and calf as it is with humans. Has n't the cow earned the right to a little joy in caring for her calf? **S** Unless we move in the line of Nature and are willing to give up one-half the milk for the calf, and take the other half for pay for taking care of the cow and calf, we will continue to slide down the economic chute.

¶ Here is something Billy Sunday has never touched on ; and if he does n't, I fear me that I will have to take to the Evangelistic Field myself and pass out a few warm ones to the calf-buyers and the farmers, who, while they do not eat bob-veal, are perfectly willing to thrive off of the sale of it—violators of the law all, dodging behind the specious belief that they do not know what the calf-buyer is going to do with the calves, that they think he is a kindly gentleman who is raising a herd of cattle of his own, and has nurse cows that are going to take care of the hungry, crying, bleating, piteous calves, deprived of their natural protector **S S**

Immoral acts are things that don't pay. Morality is the right and the best way. The

test of everything nowadays is, does it pay? *Some*
And the real fact is, that it does n't pay to *Chums*
starve calves, or to kill them when a few *of Mine*
days old because milk is so high that you
think you can't afford to feed them.

Here is a vicious bit of economy, evolved by
tightwaddo Yankees and taken up by ortho-
dox chuckleheads who, unable to act for
themselves, follow a precedent 🐷 🐷

One good neighbor of mine said to me the
other day when I was sounding him on calf
culture, " Say, taint nat'ral for a calf to suck
—you have to learn 'em to drink out of a
pail or they will never be any good."

I have seen this man rastle a calf with ego
all over the barnyard "learnin' 'im to
drink." 🐷 🐷

The old farmer would finally back the calf
into a corner, get its head between his knees,
and jam its nose into a pail of skimmed milk
until it was nearly strangled. All the time
he was cussing the calf 🐷 🐷

If the calf died the old man cussed his luck.

¶ Schoolteaching, at times, in the good old
days, was like "learnin' " a calf to drink
out of a pail—very vexatious, very painful.
Why? Oh, just because the things were
taught out of season. At a certain age a calf
will eat anything of its own accord that is
good for it 🐷 🐷

Some Any system of "learnin'" that requires
Chums violence is a bad system, and is paid for by
of Mine a costly reaction.

The persistent destruction of young calves by tightwad farm policies has had a certain and sure effect of increasing the market price of cows 🐄 🐄

This of necessity has resulted in an increased cost of milk. Milk in many cities is now eight or ten cents a quart, where once it was only six.

Economic laws grind slow, but they grind exceeding small 🐄 🐄

Farmers in the East are now complaining because good milch-cows are worth sixty or seventy-five dollars each—and they have none to sell. Had these same farmers a few years ago saved their heifer calves, they would now be getting a deal more milk, and have cows to sell.

They saved at the spigot and wasted at the bung 🐄 🐄

To raise calves, you must give them two things : love and milk—and the mother cow supplies her baby both.

Milch-cows or cows with calf should never be chased by a dog, nor be shouted at, kicked, or caressed with a milking-stool. Every time you frighten a cow you reduce her milk-giving qualities. Love, happiness

and peace, content, assurance and good-will are all very tangible assets in running a dairy 🐄 🐄

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

You can measure them in a milk-pail.

The joy of a cow in ministering to her calf increases her milk yield. If you, yourself, love the calf, too, and handle it gently, the old cow knows it, and repays you in lacteal legal tender. Thus does she show her gratitude. The milk of human kindness in kine is no poetic figure of speech 🐄 🐄

My plea is for the cow and the calf. If we 're going to raise a fine type of milch-cows in this country, we have got to encourage mother-love in the cow and give the calf the food that is naturally its due.

Cows and calves have a few rights, even if they are not recognized by press or pulpit or the Constitution.

Man has the power to oppress and to destroy, not only other men, but the entire brute creation 🐄 🐄

I hate the vivisector ! There is nothing to be gained by his villainous fingerings with the secrets of life and death.

I prize health above all things, but I believe that health is not to come to mankind through pain, woe, grief and mingled agonies visited on dumb animals. I 'm an animal, but I 'm not dumb. I can talk, and I

*Some can write and print. I am a voice for the
Chums voiceless* ♀ ♀
of Mine Not only must man be on good terms with

his neighbors, but he should be on good terms with the entire animal creation ♀
The fact that every animal runs or flees on the approach of man is an indictment of the way man has treated the brute creation ♀
We are still eating animals, but let us be as decent about it as we can. And the end of the argument is that it is a legal lapse in the United States of America that the law allows the killing of nine million veals a year, with one natural result—the continually ascending scale in the price of milk and beef products ♀ ♀

The Argentine is wiser than we. It has a law making it a felony to kill any female of the cattle species that is under six years old. And the result is that in the Argentine there is no cattle famine.

We are looking that way anxiously and longingly for our food-supply. And this will be so until we right-about-face and do justice to the cow and her calf.

MEN AND HORSES

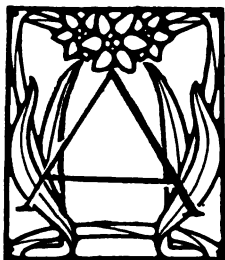
I believe where the love of God is verily perfected, and the true spirit of government watchfully attended to, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to us will be experienced, and a care felt in us that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the great Creator intends for them under our government.
—*John Woolman.*



General Johnston, the great Confederate soldier, asked General Grant, "What shall we do with our horses?"

And the answer was:

"Take them home—you will need them on the farm."



N attache of the American Embassy in Berlin sends me a circular that is being distributed through the German Army 🐾 🐾

A free translation of this circular is as follows :

" MEN AND HORSES : In the Army of the Fatherland horses have always played an important part. We owe a great debt to our horses for service, in times both of war and of peace 🐾 🐾

" And it is hoped that all good soldiers will see to it that the rights of our Dumb Brothers are respected.

" Our horses are entitled to food, water, bedding and shelter, just exactly as a trooper is 🐾 🐾

" But beyond this it must be remembered that a horse should not be insulted or dis-

Some tressed, either by cruel treatment or by
Chums vehement language.
of Mine " To curse a horse is just as bad as to curse

a man ♣ ♣

" Perhaps it is worse, since a man may strike back, but the horse is practically within our power.

" The courage of the horse comes from the courage of the rider. Alone he is timid and nervous. See to it that he is not needlessly alarmed ♣ ♣

" Although a horse can not express himself, he has a high intelligence.

" Words of encouragement and affection are grateful to him ; rough usage and hateful language distress and frighten him.



" It is therefore ordered that all swearing at horses be considered an offense.

" Vile language toward a horse shall be looked upon henceforth by officers exactly as if the unfit language were applied to a human being. Reproof and punishment must follow accordingly.



Done at Potsdam, this " *OFFICIAL.*"
Tenth day of August, 1913.

My friend across the sea who sends me this circular writes me that it is generally believed that the document was written by the Emperor's own hand.

King William is a horseman, a farmer, and a



stock-raiser. Occasionally, he visits Farmers' Clubs and joins in the discussions, on terms of absolute equality with his neighbors   *Some Chums of Mine*

In any event the circular has his endorsement and approval. In itself it is a trivial thing, simply a printed dodger on cheap paper, that is being widely scattered among the cavalry, artillery and drivers of wagons.

¶ But beyond all this it mirrors a worldwide sentiment, and that is that the source of life is one  

All life is Divine.

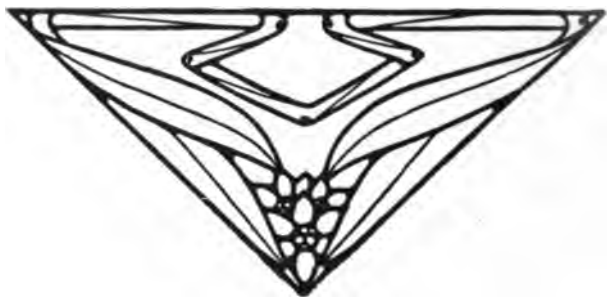
The Supreme Energy, of which we are a part, takes many forms. Man is the highest manifestation of this Energy.

This circular speaks of our "Dumb Brothers." This surely is a new view of life, and coming from the high source that it does, is worthy of more than a passing glance. Let it not be forgotten that the circular is not issued by a poet or a preacher, and it is not being distributed among women, children and sentimentalists  

It is going to men who are supposed to be rough, rude, crude, violent and destructive. For is not the primal purpose of an army to kill and destroy?

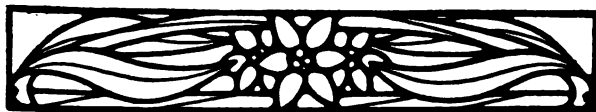
Here we find soldiers being cautioned not to "distress or frighten" dumb brutes. The

Some purpose of the circular is all in the line of
Chums protection, conservation and love.
of Mine The Boy Scouts are being instructed along similar lines ; but who would think of this coming from the world's chief War-Lord?
¶ And these things being true, is the day so far distant when conscription will be for purposes of conservation, industry, and the protection and promotion of the useful arts?
¶ This circular issued to troopers mirrors the Zeitgeist. It is a symbol of the Spirit of the Times. The world is moving, and it is moving in the right direction, when a mighty ruler of men uses his influence in behalf of our " Dumb Brothers."

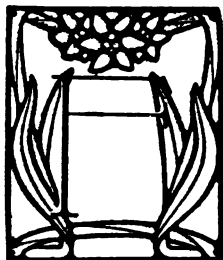


THE WAITERS

Animals as well as men learn many things from experience, and infer that the same events will always follow from the same causes. By this principle they become acquainted with the more obvious properties of external objects, and gradually, from their birth, treasure up a knowledge of the nature of fire, water, earth, stones, heights, depths, etc., and of the effects which result from their operation. ¶ A horse that has been accustomed to the field becomes acquainted with the proper height which he can leap, and will never attempt what exceeds his force and ability. An old greyhound will trust the more fatiguing part of the chase to the younger and will place himself so as to meet the hare in her doubles ; nor are the conjectures, which he forms on this occasion, founded in anything but his observation and experience.—*David Hume.*



Why not have this a World of Friends?



ATE has sent her edict forth. The gravy-scarred Tuxedo will have to go. Its wearer, like his brother in well-doing, the cabby, must adjust himself to new conditions or else perish 🐸 🐸
The handwriting, limned in

gravy, is on the wall 🐸 🐸

Lo! the time is at hand.

Flunkysism is on the bink.

The Los Angeles Waiters' Union has issued a circular to its members warning them that they had better look for new jobs, rather than cling longer to the old and honorable profession that has now fallen upon evil days 🐸 🐸

This Los Angeles circular adds, "The cafeteria has done it."

The cafeteria is a finger pointing the way—a John the Baptist in the Wilderness—an index to the tendency of the times.

We are eliminating lost motion. We are taking up the economic slack.

Some Waste is the only sin—waste of time, waste
Chums of energy, waste of materials.

of Mine If the middleman is a necessary factor to
our happiness, we will keep him ; if not, he
will have to pass. In any event, he is now
under surveillance ♣ ♣

We are all from Joplin.

The Christian Scientists have peppered two
of them : the preacher and the doctor. And
even the enemies of the Christian Scientists
do not doubt that they are better off than in
the days of yore.

The lawyer, too, is under indictment as a
flunky, raised to the grade of hold-up ♣ ♣

The butler, lordly and lugubrious, is the
father of the whole Tuxedo tribe. He and his
minions were an importation to America, at
the best. They never really belonged here.
They go with Kings, Lords, Dukes and such
other human junk.

About the only folks in America who sought
to gain the good-will of the Tuxedo were
members of that giddy, gabby, gilded gang
who gobble, giggle and gabble at after-the-
theater suppers ♣ ♣

They are really not hungry—eating is an
excuse—they go to the grub studio that they
may see and be seen, but most of all to
secure, if possible, the approving nod of the
servile, greasy and ubiquitous Tux ♣ ♣

Honest folks, intent on eats, do not want to select from a menu that looks like a Sunday edition, and then have their wants written out by a Count in Exile, who hands the document to an attache of the court, who moves silent and slow to the nether regions, making pretense of having something prepared for you "very special."

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

In all this there is about seventy-five per cent lost motion.

The time of the black-coated, solemn ones who stand behind your chair, now and again falling over one another to pass you the salt, watching your every move to see that you gobble with the right utensil, is all charged up in the bill, and is paid for eventually in human energy, for it takes energy to secure the dolodocci to pay your check and attend to the tips ♣ ♣

For without tips flunkies would cease to flunky and the world would be at rest.

I use the good old word "tip," although some people prefer stipend, prepend, fee, or honorarium ♣ ♣



Flunkyism is lost motion. Have enough flunkies in a country and the nation is headed for the cliff on the high clutch.



The less you need waiting on, the greater and better you are.

So here come then the Cafeterie and the

Some Baltimore Restaurant and free us from the
Chums tentacles of the flunky.
of Mine

A butler at best is a sort of bastard bishop—or, more properly, a bishop is a butler raised to the *n*th power. Both possess the lofty impassiveness and the supercilious eyebrow that token the lowbrow.

The bishop and the butler originally derived their power from the same source—the Strong Man, the Destroyer, the Teddy Da Roose of the time  

Also, it is well to realize that the people who so languidly allow the flunky to take their wraps, and alternately patronize and snub him, are, themselves, but escaped lick-spittles  

The difference between the waiter who wears full dress all day and the man who wears full dress only in the evening is often merely microscopic—that is to say, a question of gravy stains.

When the members of a Waiters' Union give a banquet, as they occasionally do in New York City and Boston, they employ only colored waiters, and tip the contingent generously. Thus they draw the sharp social line of cleavage between guest and servant. Colored waiters are not admitted to the Unions ; and what I here say does not apply to the colored brother—he deserves a

chapter by himself, and sometime I will honor him with one.

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

The man whose highest ambition is to impress a waiter is with us yet, and he probably will die hard. He is the real mischief-maker—not the flunky. Were it not for the “good fellow,” the flunky would shed his denatured sable ways, and take his place in the industrial ranks as a man and a comrade.

The idle rich, and the folks who imitate the idle rich, are the actual degens.

Frederick Townsend Martin said the idle rich are passing, and he knew, because he was one. He said we should all be rich, but not idle. Brother Martin brought the world glad tidings of great joy. Zing, zing!

Nowhere in America is the cost of living so low, or so high, as it is in California 🐾 🐾

The high cost comes from the fees of the flunky 🐾 🐾

The low cost is owing to the fact that God has here been so lavish in His gifts.

Everywhere one sees the cattle on a thousand hills. And if I should state the quantities of oranges, figs, olives, lemons, prunes and grapes that are raised on a single acre in the San Joaquin Valley, many good people would simply say I was a candidate for the Ananias Club—and let it go at that 🐾 🐾

Some Vegetables of every kind and sort are
Chums brought to your door by the Chinese
of Mine gardeners, and the prices are astonishingly
low. You can buy oranges at five cents a
water-bucket, grapefruit for a cent apiece,
and vegetables in proportion.

The cafeteria—which is, by the way, a
woman's device—serves the best food at a
price beyond the dreams of avarice 🐷 🐷
In front of a cafeteria in San Francisco I
saw a donkey carrying sandwich-boards
upon which was lettered the legend : " This
Cafeteria employs non-union labor. Do not
patronize it ! "

All day long, day after day, and far into the
night, the donkey stands there or is led
backward and forward by a sad-eyed dere-
lict 🐷 🐷

I saw the donkey before I saw the cafeteria.
In fact, the donkey and the derelict called
my attention to the cafeteria. I thought they
were advertising the place.

I went inside and dined sumptuously at a
cost of twenty-two cents. I flunkied for
myself and pocketed my own tip.

The place was comfortably filled with a
happy, intelligent, prosperous lot of men
and women 🐷 🐷



" How many people do you feed here a
day ? " I asked the cashier.



"Between five and six thousand," was the answer.

"And no waiters?"

"And no waiters."

As I passed out on the street I again noticed the donkey and the derelict.

Pity touched my heart  

I reached into my pocket, took out a quarter and gave it to the man who was holding the donkey  

He was surprised, but quickly recovered himself and pocketed the tip with the grace and deftness of an adept.



"Were you once a waiter?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I have been a waiter all my life. I made money, and I spent it. I am sixty-five years old, and now I am out of work and out of money. The Union gives me a dollar a day to lead this burro—but you know, for you have a kind heart, that I am a gentleman just the same."

The chill night wind seemed to shake his thinly clad form. His voice was husky. He leaned against the donkey for support. I thought I saw two big tears chasing each other down his furrowed cheek. I am not sure about this, for my own vision was dimmed. The people were streaming in and out of the cafeteria.

"You seem tired and cold," I ventured 



*Some
Chums
of Mine*

Some " I have n't had anything to eat since morn-
Chums ing."  

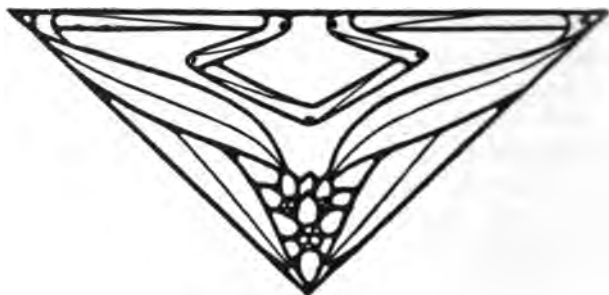
of Mine " Well," I said, " why don't you go into the
cafeterie and get a bite? "

" I would if there was some one to look
after the jackass ! " he answered.

" I 'll take care of him," I said.

So I led the donkey back and forth in front
of the cafeterie until my friend returned, his
hunger satisfied  

The burro waved his ears unmoved : it was
nothing to him—he was sustained with a
solemn pride in the thought that Christ had
ridden one of his ancestors into Jerusalem.



MOUSE-TRAPS

He has been born to no other heritage than those of toil and of pain. He had been fed on curses and baptized with blows. Why not? It was a Christian country, and Patrasche was but a dog.

—Ouida—"A Dog of Flanders."



A bluejay in the bush is worth two on a woman's bonnet.



MERSON was a great man. We all admit that. But there were a good many things that he might have said and would have said if he had happened to think of them ♣ ♣

Ralph Waldo Emerson never wrote that mouse-trap crack-out-of-the-box ♣ ♣

That was a mouse-trap that caught a lot of literary mice intent on orphic cheese ♣ ♣ One thing, trivial, of course, and not worth mentioning—and that is why I write it down—is that the mouse-trap guff is n't true ♣ No one will make a path to your door nowadays, no matter how good your mouse-traps are, unless you advertise them widely and extensively and arrange to have a free lunch at the mouse-trap factory, with automobiles to meet all visitors at the railroad-station ♣ ♣

Good mouse-trap factories have concrete

Some walks and luring flowerbeds along the way,
Chums where hollyhocks grow lush and lusty ♣
of Mine A keg of Bock Beer on a sawbuck is n't
wholly without its merits at a mouse-trap
factory, in getting the elect to make the
Little Journey.

The men who have made the best mouse-
traps the world has ever seen have usually
languished in garrets or were forgotten in
their sylvan dales—the tall uncut, showing
not a footprint, surrounding them on every
side ♣ ♣

Mouse-traps should be widely and wisely
publicized, all of which Emerson knows,
being wise, as he smiles serenely from his
reserved seat in the Valhalla Ad-Club ♣

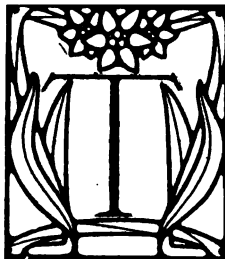


JUST SNAKES

One thing I have frequently observed in children, that when they have got possession of any poor creature, they are apt to use it ill : they often torment, and treat very roughly, young birds, butterflies, and such other poor animals which fall into their hands, and that with a seeming kind of pleasure. This I think should be watched in them, and if they incline to any such cruelty, they should be taught the contrary usage. For the custom of tormenting and killing of beasts will, by degrees, harden their minds even toward men ; and they who delight in the suffering and destruction of inferior creatures will not be apt to be very compassionate or benign to those of their own kind.—*John Locke.*



As to the animals which have no reason, and generally all things and objects, do thou, since thou hast reason and they have none, make use of them with a generous and liberal spirit.—Marcus Aurelius.



HERE are several things in New Jersey besides mosquitoes, Jersey justice, Jersey lightning, and Presidential timber.

Came to Roycroft not long ago a young man by the name of M. B. Foster, from

the town of Elmer, New Jersey.

He had three grips—one on his dignity, one for his clothing, and the other grip was full of snakes 🐍 🐍

They seemed like kindly, gracious, generous snakes, filled with frogs and right intent 🐸

Some of these snakes were black, with yellow spots on them, and underneath they were yellow, fading off into russet browns.

Others were pink, with art-colored geometric studies. A few were green, and one was a bright purple. Snakes take on local color. Also, they are of different colors at different times of the year 🐍 🐍

Some **In time snakes will become an extinct prod-**
Chums **uct in America. There are very few now as**
of Mine **compared to what there were thirty, forty,**
fifty and a hundred years ago. Civilization
is at war with the snake, and deep in the
heart of man is a prejudice against this
pleasing "insect." But to a great degree
the snake has been libeled. No snake is as
bad as he is painted. Snakes are just as
much afraid of man as man is of snakes.
There is a reason!

There was a snake in Paradise, and Omar
Khayyam states plainly who it was placed
the snake there. Paradise without the snake
would not be Paradise. We have to have
something by way of contrast to supply
artistic accent 🐍 🐍

Before the days of Adam and Eve, the
snake, we are told, walked on its tail, and
then was compelled to travel longitudinally,
or horizontale, not upidicular, by way of
punishment for being too fresh.

In any event, the snake is much safer when
crawling and wriggling along on the ground
than if he walked upright like a man, so the
change was n't wholly bad—nothing is 🐍
Many snakes have rudimentary legs that
can be found under the skin. Nature evi-
dently has tried every possible plan for
producing life, and the snake is a sort of

second cousin to the newt and the lizard. *Some*
¶ The crocodile, or, as he is familiarly *Chums*
called in the Congo, the "Croc," is a lizard *of Mine*
with a college education. All of these
animals seem to belong to an extinct age.
They are rudimentary survivals, like the
kangaroo, the beaver, the calico dress and
the fascinator 🐸 🐸

There are only three kinds of venomous
snakes in America, and these are not found
in the Northern States except on very rare
occasions 🐸 🐸

There are thirteen varieties of rattlesnakes.
The garter-snakes, bull-snakes, blacksnakes,
rat-snakes and snake-snakes are not ven-
omous. Snakes that run out their tongues
and hiss do not possess stingers, as we were
told in our youth 🐸 🐸

No such thing as a stinger in a snake exists.
The snake's tongue is a wireless, sensitive
apparatus by which the snake hears and
realizes the approach of the enemy. The
wiggling of his tongue is not for the purpose
of threat, but is used solely for his own
private information, to catch the etheric
vibrations 🐸 🐸

Also, there are snakes in Ireland.
Fra Foster went out with our girls and boys
in the woods at Roycroft, and caught several
snakes, and proved that, so far as he was

Some concerned, they were absolutely harmless,
Chums and, in fact, could soon be tamed.

of Mine Fra Foster is a thin, small, slender little fellow with a bulging brow and bright-blue eyes. He is very mild, very gentle, and very animated on the subject of snakes.

Fra Foster, of Elmer, New Jersey, is an expert on all questions pertaining to these peculiar, strange, little brothers that creep, crawl, run, skim and swim. He has made friends with them 🐍 🐍

I have written a little vaudeville sketch for Fra Foster, and if Martin Beck proves true to his colors, the snake-man will do a little stunt on the Orpheum Circuit this Fall which will be unique in its way.

My sketch pictures him as a naturalist, which, of course, he is. He wears a snake for a necktie, another for a belt, a horned toad is used for a watch-fob, and a turtle is on his manly breast for a badge.

The entire scene takes place in the office of a hotel. A colored man brings down the baggage from Room Number Twenty-three, and not being sure that he has the right luggage, opens one of the grips for Afro-American inspection—and the snakes escape 🐍 🐍

The speedy disappearance of the colored man into space, and the scene that follows

between the naturalist and the hotel-clerk, *Some*
afford the "piece de resistance," as it were. *Chums*
¶ The hotel-clerk rings up the police, and *of Mine*

before the hurry-up wagon arrives, the wonderful blonde girl with the wealth of golden hair, who always presides at the cigar-stand, comes forward and takes the part of the snakeologist, whom she knew and was separated from some years before. Her faith in the naturalist is instantaneous, and when a girl believes in a man, she believes in all of his ambitions, aims, aspirations—and snakes. And so this girl with the golden crown, relieved of all fear by love's glad acclaim, turns to and helps catch the reptiles.

The policeman enters and thinks that he has 'em.

He hesitates to make the arrest, and accuses the hotelman of violating the excise. The hotel-door is hastily locked by the girl with the golden crown, in order to keep the properties of the scientist from escaping. The policeman can not get out to join the colored man, much as he would like to. No vaudeville sketch is complete without the telephone, of course, and so we have the telephone worked overtime by the policeman. And it seems that on his second call, instead of getting the hurry-up wagon, by

Some accident he calls for a minister, and asks
Chums that he will come on the run without delay,
of Mine as the case is urgent.

The golden girl, to show the policeman and the hotel-clerk that nothing is dangerous, when your mind is rightly poised and focused on beautiful things, decorates herself with the varmint. A tame crow perches itself on the head of the dominie as soon as he arrives ; a white dove, liberated from the pockets of the naturalist, alights on the head of the golden girl ; and small turtles are distributed as souvenirs among the guests, who have by this time pushed their way in from the elevator and other parts of the building ♣ ♣

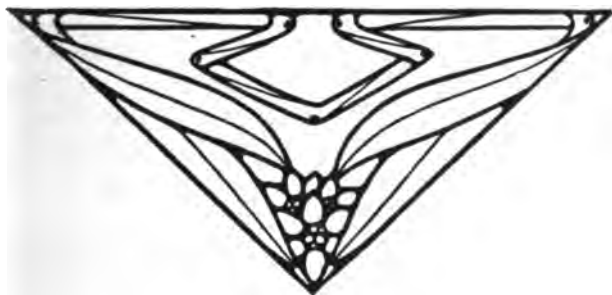
The graphophone in the corner is doing its perfect work, duly started with a lead nickel, and plays the Wedding-March from Lohengrin ♣ ♣

All ends happily as the door is opened and the policeman slides out for fresh air.

In the meantime, some one has rung in a fire-alarm, and the clatter of the horses can be heard coming up the street. But the hotel-clerk calls to them out of the window, informing them that it is all over. So ends the sketch ♣ ♣

The beauty of this playlet lies in the fact that it utilizes properties which so far have

been more or less overlooked. And certain *Some*
it is that any man who can wear a snake for *Chums*
a necktie, a turtle for a badge, and have *of Mine*
frogs, newts, lizards and toads in his pants'
pockets so as to present to his kind for tips,
is bound to secure the respect of the boy
in the gallery and the gratitude of the
booking-office ♣ ♣



No one will go so far as to declare that the slow suffocation of cats and dogs, the cutting of their throats, the piercing of the ventricles of their hearts, are not acts of cruelty. The necessity of these experiments I dispute. Man has no right to gratify an idle and purposeless curiosity through the practise of cruelty.—*Charles Dickens.*

THE GRAVEDIGGERS

The moral argument against vivisection remains, whether the animals suffer as much as we do or only half as much. The bad effect on the operator and on the student and spectator remains ; the undoubted fact that the practise tends to produce a callousness and a passion for experiment, which leads to unauthorized experiments in hospitals on unprotected patients, remains ; the horrible callousness of binding the sufferers in the operating-trough, so that they can not express their pain by sound or motion, remains ; their treatment after the experiment, by careless attendants, brutalized by custom, remains ; the argument of the uselessness of a large proportion of the experiments, repeated again and again on scores and hundreds of animals who confirm or refute the work of other vivisectors, remains ; and finally, the iniquity of its use to demonstrate already established facts to physiological students in hundreds of colleges and schools all over the world, remains.—A. R. Wallace.





Vivisection is a crime. The human race will repudiate such barbarities.—Victor Hugo.



LI BABA came over to the Shop the other day, followed by a fugacious fice. "I am going to kill that dog," said Ali to me, "and make a pair of gloves out of his hide."

"What's the matter with the dog?" I said. "He looks like a good one."

"Why!" said Ali, "he is what you call a gravedigger dog."

"Go on," I said; "I don't exactly understand."  

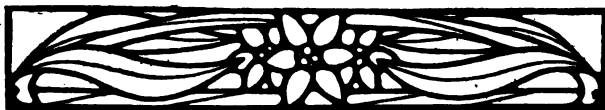
"Well, it is this way," he says; "that dog is like some folks: he is always digging up things that have been buried; and I believe that when things have been buried properly they ought to be left buried. Let 'em rest in their graves. Don't you think so?" And I thought so.

Kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species, and these still flow from the breast of a well-natured man as streams that issue from the living fountain. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only when they are young, but when old and past service. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away, and were it only to learn benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures.

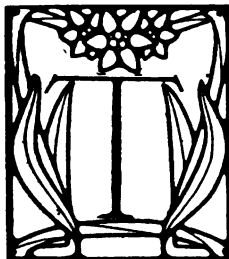
—*Plutarch.*

A HOOK-AND-LADDER HERO

I prefer to believe that the men who torture dumb animals would torture the talking ones quite as readily and quite as selfishly, if they only had the chance, all their wish and aim being to gratify, at the expense of humanity, a morbid personal curiosity, while excusing their savagery under the cloak of humanity.—*Robert Buchanan.*





The rights of the helpless, though they be brutés, must always be protected by those who have superior power.—William James.



HE world's greatest fire-fighter is George Hale, of Kansas City.

Chief Hale brought the Kansas City Fire-Department to a degree of perfection never attained by any other similar institution.

He figured time by sixteenths of seconds, just as a watchmaker measures things by the thousandth part of an inch.

Hale took seventeen men and five horses to England and entered into contests with all comers. Practically he had no competition  .

His men could jump out of bed, dress, slide down a pole, take their places on the hook and ladder, steamer, or hose-cart, run half a mile, and get a stream going many seconds quicker than any other company of men could turn the same trick. They could climb all over a building, and get streams going while others were thinking about how to do

Some it. It simply turned on a question of organi-
Chums zation, eliminating needless motion, and
of Mine making every impulse count.

Horses and men acted in absolute unison. Never a lost motion was made, never a misstep. The horses were under the harness by the time the men were on the machine. George Hale invented a harness for fire-horses that was simply pulled down by one motion of the hand and snapped in place with a single yank—and they were off.

Only a lover of horses and a lover of men could ever have done what George Hale did. ¶ His work attracted attention all over America. Then he went to England and France. He also made a return trip to Europe and did the same things over, only a little better. ¶

Hale and his men went out under the kindly commission of the United States Government. They wore soldiers' uniforms, and our friends across the sea regarded them as soldiers. ¶

They were invited by King Edward the Seventh to visit Windsor Castle. Special accommodations were made for them, and a detail of Tommies was set apart to look after their interests.

They ran their extension ladders in the air, and flew over the top of Windsor Castle with

its many turrets and towers like a swarm of *Some*
aviators.   *Chums*



They had their horses jumping through *of Mine*
hoops of fire, ran the half-mile, unharnessed
the horses, turned them loose with steam
blowing under them and whistles tooting,
and never a horse moved.

On the signal, the horses jumped for their
places under the harness.



King Edward the Seventh, who was a right
manly man and a good sport, came out and
shook hands with the Kansas City fire-
laddies individually, meeting them as equals.

¶ He made one remark to George Hale
which is worth remembering, and that was
this : " Chief, I love every man who goes
up against the game ! "

It was the game of death and the game of
life, to which the King referred.

Really now ! Has anybody got any business
in the world after all, unless he is going up
against the game ?  

The march of the times has replaced animal
power with gasoline-motors, and those
wonderful horses of George Hale's have
been turned out to grass.

Not long ago one of these horses was
brought in from the farm—a horse thirty-
six years old, that had not had a harness on
him for eleven years  

Some This horse used to pull the Chief's wagon.
Chums He had the faculty of getting under the
of Mine shafts quicker than ever any horse did that stood on four feet. He never made a mistake, never a false move. By the time the driver was in the wagon the horse was ready to go, and when he went he went on the high speed.

So, behold the old horse brought in from the country, witnessing the frills and frivols of the city 🐾 🐾

The horse was barefooted, his mane, tail and fetlocks grown out long and shaggy 🐾 The fire-laddies went to work cleaning him up with loving caress.

The old red wagon of the Chief was brought out. The shafts were lifted in the air with the harness hanging, the horse standing loose two hundred feet away.

At a signal the gong was sounded, and like a flash of light the old veteran leaped for the shafts. A fireman snapped the harness into place 🐾 🐾

George Hale watched the whole performance, intending to spring into the wagon, provided the horse had not forgotten his cue 🐾 🐾

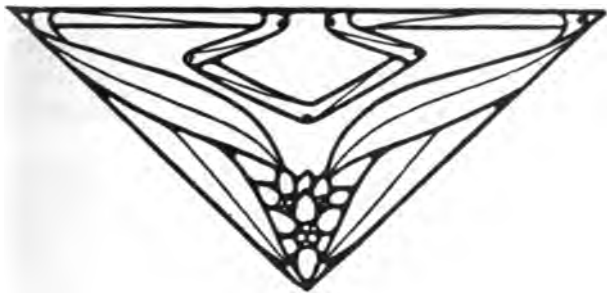
The horse knew how to do it, but, alas, George Hale merely stumbled and tumbled forward, threw his arms around the old

horse's neck, burst into tears, and cried like a baby 🐾 🐾

And all the time the old horse turned his head and kept saying in good horse language : " For heaven's sake, Chief, pile in ! The whole thing will burn up before we get there. Don't you hear what I say ? Tumble in that wagon and we 're off ! "

But George Hale did n't hear—he was thinking of how this horse had carried him to a thousand fires—and together they had gone up 'gainst the game ; and how a horse once taught, never forgets—man may ! 🐾

*Some
Chums
of Mine*



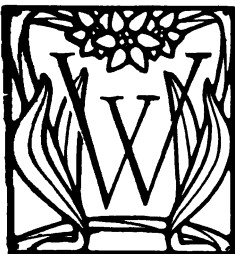
After all these long years of flickering hope, I am prepared to contend that the indiscriminate maiming and slaughter of animal life with which these bacteriological methods of research and experimentation have been inseparably associated, can not be proved to have saved one single life, or lessened in any appreciable degree the load of human suffering.—George Wilson, M. D., LL. D.



THE QUARREL

It is a matter of common knowledge that if we raise a bird in a cage, and keep it there for five or six years, it will be unable to fly if restored to liberty. There has, indeed, been no change as yet in the form of its members ; but if for a long series of generations individuals of the same race had been kept caged for a considerable time, there is no room for doubt that the very form of their limbs would little by little have undergone notable alterations.—*Lamarck*.




How Instinct varies in the grow'ling swine.—Pope.





WE were watching a litter of little pigs up at the farm. They were busily intent on getting a square meal. They were only about a week old. **¶** Suddenly two of the pigs left the lunch-counter and began to fight  



“What do you suppose they are quarreling about?” asked Terese.

“I think one of them must have referred to the other as a pig,” was the answer 

“But,” said Terese, “if he did, and did not use any adjective, the remark was certainly true.”

“This, however, had nothing to do with the case. Truth is seldom pleasing, especially when it refers to ourselves.”

The fact is, however, those pigs were fighting just about nothing—and that is just what men fight about  

Quarrels are built on a misunderstanding. Friendships are founded on an understanding  

My heart goes out to the man or woman who loves animals. If we are really superior to dumb brutes, let us show that superiority by treating our inferior brothers with kindness and consideration.

—William T. Hornaday.

THE BLACK CAT

What beauty can there be in so clumsy a head decoration as an owl or a gull? Yet we see women whose nature would revolt at the thought or the sight of cruelty to a horse or a dog, wearing the wings, plumes and heads, if not the entire carcasses, of these birds. Not only is the life of the bird sacrificed, whose plumage is to be thus worn, but in thousands of instances the victim is the mother bird, and a brood of young is left to starve to death in consequence of her cruel taking off. Is it not time to check this ruthless destruction of bird life by the enactment and enforcement of proper laws?—G. O. Shields, *President League of American Sportsmen* 2



*If 't were not for my cat and dog,
I think I could not live.—Ebenezer Elliott.*



HOLMAN DAY is an all-round literary gazabo. He wears the cap and bells with most becoming grace. He is a modern ascetic, living in the prohibition State of Maine.

The other day Holman got off on me the following poetic idyll :

A colored preacher, traveling from one town to another in the South, stopped at a cabin for refreshment and entertainment.

¶ This preacher was a Methodist, and, unfortunately, the cabin where he called was occupied by worthy people of the Baptist proclivity.

Very naturally, the cabin being small and the family large, and the preacher belonging to the opposing faith, he was told they had no room.

"But," said the good old black mammy, "dere 's a house a little further down de road where dere 's plenty o' room, and you 'se suah welcome dere."

Some So the minister journeyed on, and the old
Chums black mammy stood in the doorway laugh-
of Mine ing 'cause she had sent the Methodist
parson to the Haunted House.

As the preacher was about to enter the big house, a passer-by informed him that the house was haunted and no one lived there but the spirits 🐾 🐾

The minister replied, "I 'se a man o' God, an' dere ain't no spirits goin' t' int'fere wid me." 🐾 🐾

He entered the house, found a big fireplace with plenty of fuel, started a fire, and the flames were soon roaring up the chimney.

¶ As the minister sat there, meditating on his latter end, suddenly a cat fell down the chimney into the fire.

It was a large, ambitious, black tomcat. But the fire did n't seem to singe the cat's overcoat in the slightest. The cat enjoyed the flame. He pawed around in the hot ashes, washed his hands in the red coals and then washed his face 🐾 🐾

Finally, he moved slowly off and took a seat alongside of the chair where the preacher sat. The preacher said nothing—neither did the cat. However, the parson was interested. But he was not really thoroughly awake until another cat came tumbling down into the fire just as the first one had done.

This cat rubbed its paws in the hot ashes, *Some* washed its face in the red-hot coals, then *Chums* came over and sat on the other side of the *of Mine* preacher's chair 🐱 🐱

By this time the preacher was thoroughly awake, sitting up very straight.

All at once the black tomcat began to talk, and he spoke in good English, saying to the other cat, "Is n't it about time to begin?"

And the other cat replied, "Not yet, not yet; a few more will be here pretty soon, and the Chief he has n't yet came."

The preacher, of course, was amazed at this conversation between the cats.

He said nothing, because there was nothing to say 🐱 🐱



Suddenly down the chimney tumbled a dog—a plain yellow dog, the kind known as a fice. The fice scratched around in the hot ashes, rubbed his nose in the red-hot coals, and finally sat down on the hearth, saying to the cats, "Is n't it about time to begin?"



🐶 Before they could answer, another dog came tumbling down the chimney into the fire! 🐱 🐱

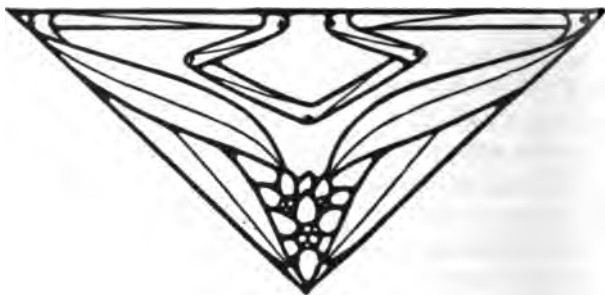
This was a big, ferocious bulldog.

He licked the flames, rolled in the hot coals, shook himself, and meandered out on to the hearth, saying to the first dog, "Is n't it about time to begin?"

Some "No," said the yellow dog ; " the Chief he
Chums is not came. He 's just smokin' a cigarette,
of Mine settin' on the chimbley. He will be here
pretty soon, and then we 'll begin."

The preacher here gently arose, and very
politely said : " Mistah Bulldog, I jes'
happen t' think dat if I don't get a-hikin on
my way I won't be in time t' hol' my meeting
at de nex' town. When de Chief comes,
give him my compliments an' tell him I 'se
went ! "  

And he tiptoed silently out into the night,
while from a distant treetop a screech-owl
called plaintively to its mate, " Cuck-oo !
Cuck-oo ! "  



HERCULES

So many people have known and loved "Hercules" that I am sure it will not be amiss to speak of his life, now that the poor fellow has passed away. Hercules was only a cat, but if ever affection and intelligence dwelt within the body of any creature, they dwelt with Hercules. It is now nearly twenty years ago that I found him, a tiny ball of fur, crying in the sage-brush. It was a Winter's evening, and of course I took him home to warmth and comfort.

My children, now grown, and some of them with children of their own, were really children then. The younger ones were little more than babies. To them the "infant Hercules" came as a joy. His coming was hailed with shouts of delight.

Twenty-five years is a generation among men; and so, for nearly a generation, did our humble friend grow up with our little family, cheer our fireside, and make us happy by his own happiness and contentment.

¶ Around him were entwined the mutual tendrils of a family's love. He was to me the symbol of family unity at times when our family were widely separated. When my eldest boy was in India, his letters to us at home never omitted reference to "Dear Herc." When Douglas was in Alaska, Lancelot in Germany, Fred in England, it was invariably the same—not a letter without mention of the "dear cat." Only a few weeks ago my daughter wrote me in frantic entreaty from Paris, in reply to my apprehensions concerning his possible death, "Make Herc live until we return."

¶ Alas! Man proposes but a Higher Power disposes: not only of the lives of men but of cats as well as sparrows—"Not a sparrow falleth."

But the influence of Hercules was by no means confined to our own family. In twenty years many people have come to and gone from Ellensburg, and in that time many people have come and gone from our house, a long file of students, schoolteachers, musicians, choir-singers and friends of all sorts and conditions — —

As I look back over the past years and recall the long

procession of friends who have lived here for a while since Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine and have gone away, I am surprised at their number. All who knew us and liked us, knew and liked Hercules. They could not help it. He had such pretty ways. He always walked before visitors as though bidding them welcome to *his* home. He was indeed the friend of man. He was so companionable. He was such a graceful and dignified cat. Even the passers-by on the street knew and petted him. Our friends who live with me now, although accustomed to, and for years owning pets of their own, loved him as they never loved their own.

And when the last hour came, as come it must, to man and beast alike, the last look of poor Hercules was one of affection and gratitude to those who were trying to alleviate his suffering. His last effort was a "purr." Can it be wondered that we mourn his loss?

—P. H. W. Ross.

DOMINI CANES

THE HORSE TO HIS MASTER

I am a Horse ; you are a Man ;
I 've been your slave since I began,
And though I 'm strong enough to shake
My shackles off and make a break
For freedom that would lift the lid,
You 've noticed that I never did.
By day and night I 've worked for you
And done the best that I could do ;
And though I may not always like
Your methods, yet I never strike ;
In heat and cold, in wet and dry,
I 'm always ready—glad to try
To do the very most I can
To satisfy my master, man.
Therefore, my master, if you please,
Considering such facts as these,
Say, don't you think it ought to be
Your pleasure to look out for me,
If for no other reason than
My greater usefulness ?



—Anon.



The more I see of some folks the better I like my dog.



MAN is a detached portion of the Divine Life," says Chunder Moozamdar. Like a planet flung off by the sun, and following its own orbit for a time, he will return again to the central mass from whence he sprung.

Man is a lonely creature. In his heart there is a craving for sympathy and companionship, and the unrest that drives him on and on is only a search for his own. Leonardo da Vinci felt sure that the love of animals was a manifestation of this same desire. Unconsciously man often turns to a horse or a dog and finds in the brute a complement for his own nature that he never does in his own kind. And so Leonardo, the sanest and least morbid of men, could see no distinction in the "divinity" of life in the man and the divinity of life in the beast  

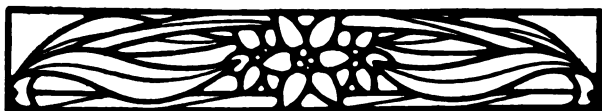
The loyalty of the dog for his master so excited the admiration of a certain man in Italy, a long time ago, that as he walked

Some through the field, his faithful dog with him,
Chums a prayer came to his heart that he might be
of Mine as loyal and unselfish in his service to God
as the dog was to him. The idea grew upon
him, and he explained it to several other
men, and they formed a society, calling
themselves, " Domini Canes "—literally the
Dogs of the Lord. Soon the name was
written " Dominicans," and Dominicans it
is, even unto this day. And I wish to
emphasize the fact that the original idea of
the Dominicans was not one of abjectness,
but of loyalty 🐶 🐶

The beast makes no demands upon you.
His affection and loyalty are complete, he
has no sinister motives, he holds nothing
back. The proud, strong horse that carries
me over the miles, and responds with his
entire nature to my slightest wish, rests
me as no man who argues ever can. My
dog whines piteously if left behind, and
only asks to go that he may be near me ; he
runs ahead and then barks for an encoura-
ging word, and getting it leaps and quivers
in pure joy ; and I lift up my heart in
gratitude for the privilege of life and health
and conscious oneness with the Life that is
Universal 🐶 🐶

OUR EMMILINE

The pigs were once turned into the Roycroft orchard by Ali Baba, so the ground would get a good stirring up. The way those pigs rooted overtime was inspiring—they surely took much joy in their work. ¶ And as the pigs rooted, a Lady Visitor came along and said, "Mister Baba, I always thought that pigs were given to inertia; now what makes them work so hard?" ¶ And Ali Baba answered: "Missus, it is like this: them hogs root and root like hell so as to avoid embung-pung and introspection. If a hog stops to think of himself, and realizes that he is just a plain hog after all, it is all off with him."



The guinea is a showy bird, but it takes a stork to deliver the goods.



IEZ HOLCOMB, the regular janitor at the Print-Shop, was away visiting in Wyoming County, and Ali Baba was doing his work. ¶ I was in my office writing an editorial on "Psychology in Relation to Its

Effect on Pankyism."

As soon as Ali Baba entered the room I knew that something important had happened. ¶ ¶

He came up close, and in a hoarse stage-whisper imparted this startling information :

" Our Emmiline has a batch of kittens ! "

¶ " What ? " says I. And he repeated the remark.

" Where are they ? " I demanded.

" Up in the photogravure-room in the wastebasket. Come and I will show you. "

I dropped my work and we hastened out of the room. We climbed the stairway that leads to the tower room, where the photo-

Some gravure man performs his miracles. We tip-
Chums toed softly over to the wastebasket, and
of Mine there they were—three fluffy gray kittens
and one as black as night!

"We will name the black one Bob La Follette," said Ali Baba.

Emmiline was not in sight. The kittens were evidently a day old. They flopped over on their backs and then struggled to gain their equilibrium. They rolled and nozzled around against the side of the wastebasket, stretched, yawned and gently meowed—all in the dark, for their eyes were not open. While we were watching them, Emmiline came up the stairs, and at one graceful bound was inside the wastebasket ministering to her babies.

She tumbled the kittens around with her nose, licked and caressed them, talking to them all the while in a musical monotone. We could not understand exactly what she said, but we got the import of it.

That evening, when Joe, the night watchman, came on, he thought he would move the kittens downstairs so they would be handy in feeding.

No night watchman ever uses his sky-piece. Joe might have known that Emmiline would come downstairs for her meals, and when the kittens were big enough to lap

milk out of a saucer, Emmiline would bring *Some*
them down ♫ ♫ *Chums*


So Joe in his good-natured stupidity put the *of Mine*
kittens in a box, in a nice little nest of
excelsior. Then he carried the box down to
the pressroom in the basement. Emmiline
followed wistfully.

Emmiline just waited until Joe was out of
sight. Then she grabbed a kitten by the
nape of the neck and made a mad rush for
the photogravure-room. Four trips at light-
ning-like rapidity, and the kittens were all
back in the wastebasket.

Emmiline knew perfectly well that neither
Joe nor Ali Baba would empty that waste-
basket so long as the kittens were in it.
¶ And she was bound, for reasons best
known to herself, that the kittens should
remain in the basket.

Joe came to me, slightly peeved, and
explained that the cat had carried the kittens
back into the tower, and asked what he
should do ♫ ♫

I said : " Joe, Emmiline knows what is best.
You must rise to the level of events and
adapt yourself to the exigencies of life.
What we all want to do is move in line with
Nature. Emmiline has instinct and you have
judgment—or should have. At the present
moment your judgment is not working.


Some Leave it to Emmiline and allow the kittens
Chums to stay in the wastebasket."
of Mine "But," he said, "we want to use the waste-
basket!" 

And I replied, "Well, cheer up, cultivate initiative—go and pinch one from some other department." And this he did.

The kittens were exactly ten days old when they got their eyes open, and took a look at the world.

On the tenth day I was writing an editorial for Willie Hearst on "The Present Tendency in Government by Experiment," when what do you think I saw?

Well, Emmiline leaped on my desk with the black kitten. She gently deposited his little nibs in the box where I place my unanswered letters.

Then she made three more trips to the tower room, each time bringing a kitten  Why did she put the kittens in that mail-box? Well, motives are always mixed, and Emmiline had several reasons.

First, kittens need a change of environment.

¶ Second, she wanted me to see her family and congratulate her on giving to the world such a delightful gift as three gray kittens and one black one.

The third reason was that the mail-box was shallow and the kittens could get out of it.

It took a little effort, of course, on their part, *Some*
but kittens are always going somewhere, or *Chums*
think they are. They are full of action and *of Mine*
the wanderlust is upon them. Kittens grow
by doing 🐱 🐱

And I noticed before the day was over that
the kittens had tumbled out of the box and
were walking all over my desk.

I had to get another mail-box.


At the end of the second day two of the
kittens had tumbled off the desk on to my
chair when I was away, and from this had
jumped down on to a stool and then to the
floor. They were in great distress trying to
get back home. Emmiline let them suffer a
while, and then she just picked them up
one at a time and at a bound was on the
desk and placed them back in the mail-box.

¶ Emmiline was giving the kittens an
education. They got their feet in my ink-
bottle, and then left their impress on the
times. They monkeyed with my mail,
hunted under sheets of paper, and played
I-Spy 🐱 🐱

In the course of their climbing they occa-
sionally tumbled off the desk and got a few
bumps 🐱 🐱

They were not quite strong enough and big
enough to climb back, but in a week they
had discovered how to climb up on the stool,

Some make a bound from the stool to the chair
Chums and get their claws on the desk, pull them-
of Mine selves up and get back in the mail-box so
as to take a much-needed nap.

In three weeks Emmiline moved the kittens from the mail-box down into the basement and placed them in the box that Joe had provided .

They were now big enough to climb out of the box and in at their pleasure, and were investigating their environment.

Every day they all come upstairs and visit with me for an hour. Time does n't seem to be much of an object to a cat.

I noticed that Emmiline never manifested any ill-nature or impatience with her babies.

¶ She was eminently poised and seemingly indifferent to them except when she was right with them. Then she was full of caresses. She would wash their faces, turn them over in their sleep; and then she taught them to chase her tail and play "King of the Castle."

They began this "King of the Castle" business by getting up on the dictionary and pushing one another off.

Then they pushed one another off my desk.

¶ And one day Emmiline took them all out of doors on to the lawn and showed them how to make a pounce at robins. They did

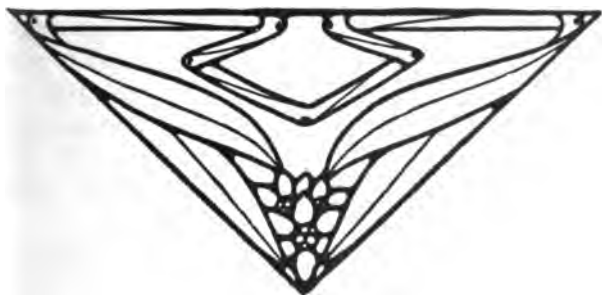
not catch any robins, but they chased leaves that blew across the ground, and had a wonderful time.

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

Play in animals is the preparation for the business of their life. Emmiline, I noticed, was very strong on the Montessori System and knew all of the secrets of Friedrich Froebel ♪ ♪

I have been wondering who it was taught Emmiline so much about the wonderful science of education. Goodness me !

And as I write this, there is one kitten on my right shoulder, one on my left, and one in my lap. Bob La Follette, the black one, is trying to fish something out of the inkwell.



EULOGY ON THE DOG

Gentlemen of the Jury : The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one, absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. ¶ Gentlemen of the Jury : A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies ; and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.—*Senator Vest.*

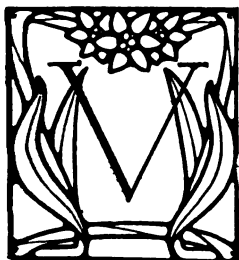
VIVISECTION

I believe I am not interested to know whether vivisection produces results that are profitable to the human race or does n't. To know that the results are profitable to the race would not remove my hostility to it. The pain which it inflicts upon unconsenting animals is the basis of my enmity toward it, and it is to me sufficient justification of the enmity without looking further.

—*Mark Twain.*



Vivisection is blood-lust, screened behind the sacred name of Science.



VIVISECTION is the act of cutting into the tissues of a living animal, in order to study the workings of the vital organs. It is a very ancient custom. In Athens, Alexandria and Rome it was practised before the Christian Era. No widespread protest ever appeared against it until about the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty, when there was organized in London an Anti-Vivisection Club. Now, in England, only those persons who have a license from the State have a right to practise vivisection. Germany, France and Switzerland have also recently passed similar laws.

But in the United States, Russia, Italy, Spain and Turkey, no laws exist for the protection of dumb animals from scientific torture. The mere statement of a person of any social standing, cutting into the body of a live animal, that his acts are done to gain

Some scientific knowledge, makes him exempt 🐸
Chums I remember once of seeing some boys with a
of Mine string attached to the leg of a live frog.
Various plans were tried to make the frog
jump, including sticking pins into its body.
Finally, one of the boys tried lighting a
match and holding the flame against the
frog 🐸 🐸

Just then I happened on the scene. I tried to
make the boys imagine how it would feel if
some monster had a string tied to their legs
and was building a fire against their bodies.

¶ I fancied I was in a fair way to convince
my young friends of their error when one of
the boys broke in with, "Ah, you now,
g 'wan—'t aint your frog, anyway!"

The question of cruelty was shifted to that
of ownership 🐸 🐸

In ancient Rome, criminals who had sup-
posedly lost ownership in their property
and persons were given over to scientific
men for purposes of experiment. They were
tortured in a hundred ways : by chemicals,
gases, fright, thirst, starvation. Juvenal tells
of a dispute between doctors as to how long
a man could go without sleep. To test the
matter a condemned criminal was secured
"for scientific purposes." A guard was kept
on him night and day, with orders to dis-
turb him by shouting in his ears, jostling

him, dousing him with cold water, or pricking him with a sword ㉓ ㉓

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

About the same time the interesting fact was discovered by a doctor that shocks to the mind might kill. To test this, certain undesirable citizens were arrested on trumped-up charges and placed in cells. Suddenly a man would burst in and inform the victim that his wife had killed their children and fled with the prisoner's friend—naming the person ㉓ ㉓

At other times a fire would be started in a stone cell adjacent to the victim's, and the cry of "Fire! Fire!" would be raised and all would flee, leaving the poor wretch to be stealthily watched, and notes and records made as to his acts and demeanor.

All will recall that well-known story of how a man was told he was to be bled to death. He was strapped upon a table, his arm was slightly pricked, and then water was trickled into a bowl, so he could hear the sound "of his lifeblood oozing away." The story tells us that the man died in half an hour, which may be so, but the fact has no scientific value, because, for one thing, no two men are alike, and the thing which might kill one man would not another.

In Constantinople in the days of Justinian, doctors removed patches of skin, a little at a

*Some time, from the living human body, in order
Chums to see how much surface a man could lose
of Mine and still live.*

Iamblichus tells of how the Caesarian operation was performed on numerous condemned women, who were preserved and cared for in anticipation of the strange experiment. Agamogenesis was also tried in the name of science.

The Inquisition in Spain always used the services of doctors to aid the priests in their pious duties, which in fact were more in the interests of ethics than of science, since the avowed purpose was to make men good. The Constitution of the United States forbids "strange and unusual punishments." Before Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, even in America, judges usually had the right to punish the erring ones by any means they thought right and proper and expedient. The law now limits the power of the judge, for we realize that justice is not divine, but very, very human.

But a few years ago men were held in the stocks in public places to receive the jeers and insults of the populace, their faces often plastered with filth by children, who took advantage of their inability to resist. In the market-places, women with the scarlet letter of shame upon their breasts stood

exposed to the jeers of the heedless throng. *Some*
¶ Archbishop Laud of the Church of Eng- *Chums*
land, in his position as magistrate, ordered *of Mine*
the ears of heretics cut off, their noses slit,
their tongues bored with a red-hot iron.
During the same period men, women and
children were often frightened into insanity,
then taunted into violence, and then being
condemned to die, were turned over to the
doctors, who performed sundry operations
on them in the name of science.



But during all this time, before and since,
frogs, dogs, rabbits and guinea-pigs belonged
to anybody who could catch them, and the
owner had a right to do with his property as
he wished, just as formerly the ruler did as
he wished with the persons and property of
his subjects. Laws for the prevention of
cruelty to animals are a very recent inno-
vation ¶ ¶



The tendency to torture was surely realized
by Thomas Jefferson when he defined
treason, and fixed in our Constitution that
clause concerning unusual punishments ¶
It must not be forgotten that most of the
cruelties of the past were instituted and
carried out by so-called good men, and, no
doubt, honest and sincere men. It was all
according to law, and these laws were
framed by lawyers, justified and endorsed

Some by priests, and in their execution doctors
Chums played a chief part, just as lawyers, doctors
of Mine and priests yet play a very necessary official
part in all judicial killings.

Chaplains and surgeons are army officers,
and war is declared by law according to
laws framed by lawyers.

And the argument is this : That because a
thing is endorsed by lawyers, preachers
and doctors is no reason it is right, proper,
useful or necessary.

Doctors no longer experiment on paupers
and criminals, surely not—heaven forbid !
but dogs and guinea-pigs seemingly have
no rights  

The plea of the vivisector that the animal is
given ether or chloroform before the opera-
tion begins, is not sufficient excuse, when
we know that the first move is to tie a stout
cord to each of the four legs of the hapless
canine, and stretch him on his back, his legs
tied down tight to convenient rings, and a
noose placed in his mouth and caught over
his upper jaw. Fright often silences the
howlings of the poor beast, before a single
drop of chloroform is placed on his nose. In
fact, it is often thought fatal to the success
of the vivisection to chloroform the animal,
because he is just that much a departure
from the normal  

To expose the heart, the digestive organs, to remove a kidney, touch parts of the brain and see certain muscles move—this is called science. The trouble is, you see, that a dog is n't a man, and to reason from the rabbit to the genus homo is a far jump in the dark 🐰 🐰

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

Doctor J. W. Hodge defies science to produce a single instance where operating on the live animal has ever helped humanity in any way.

Likewise, Doctor Lawson Tait, the eminent surgeon, gives it as his opinion that the whole plan of vivisection is senseless from a scientific point, and absolutely valueless as a guide to operations on men. He innocently adds, however, the somewhat doubtful argument that, "Vivisection affords practise and experience in cutting through living tissue and so gives steadiness and assurance to the surgeon ; but beyond this, its results are nil."

In this sentence has not Doctor Tait given the key to the entire situation? Is n't it respite from dull work which the young medicus craves? Also added to this, is n't the doctor, being but a man, actuated by the old savage instinct of blood-lust, or the desire to finger the secrets of infinity and play with life and death?

Some The savages who tied their victim to a tree
Chums and shot arrows into him at the rate of two
of Mine or three a day, were actuated by something
beside cruelty—they were protecting their
tribe by punishing its enemies ♣ ♣

Archbishop Laud, Torquemada, and Pope
Alexander Borgia defended their Holy Faith
by methods not less severe than those
adopted by the savages.

We hang the man to protect society ♣ ♣
And so we kill thousands upon thousands of
animals, first torturing them for days, weeks
and sometimes months, in the name of
human health and happiness.

But motives are never found pure. Side by
side with avowals of love, kindness and good-
will, dwell tyranny, sophistry, cruelty and
death. Otherwise no Christian nation would
ever have gone to war. Cruelty is always
irrational, but it becomes rational when
you couple it with a noble motive to give it
excuse ♣ ♣

The capsule is coated with sugar, but inside
is the drug ♣ ♣



At a medical college in Chicago where I once
attended, we always had on hand a cage con-
taining a dozen or more of dogs. We bought
these dogs from the dog-catchers, author-
ized, and sometimes non-official. Never
mind, we got the dogs—the acquisition

aided in dispelling the monotony of existence. We were young, all had been hunters, and we craved a little excitement.


*Some
Chums
of Mine*

We got the dogs all right.


And it was the rule of the place that any dog could be redeemed on payment to the janitor of two dollars. This money bought food for the dogs, also more dogs.


So we all owned a dog—some well-bred canine that we had bought with a price. But never were we allowed to bring our pets into the vivisecting-room, for the free dog, in some way sensing the true state of affairs, would begin to howl in agony, seemingly pleading for his unfortunate mate that was being stretched, gagged and helpless, on the table. So the rule was established that any dog brought into the room should be forfeited and chucked into the cage  .

One day a dog was brought in that had been operated on the day before, his abdomen having been cut open, so as to expose the stomach. After the class, he had been stitched up and placed in the cage. Now he was brought in again, and we were to trepan his skull. The dog was not tied down, but a young man was holding him under his arm while the professor was explaining what he was going to do. The dog was very weak, but still he could howl. The boy who held

Some him tried stroking and petting him. Still the
Chums dog howled and seemingly turned his appeal
of Mine from one to another, and at last fixed his
glazed eyes on the professor, crying for
mercy. Then one young man blurted out,
“ Here, fellows, I can't stand this—I 'll be
one of four to give fifty cents and buy this
dog's life ! ” 

Everybody laughed, but the professor kindly
and gently explained that the dog was
already wounded and could not live any-
way, otherwise he would be quite willing
to accept the gentleman's well-meant offer.
¶ I do not know whether the incident
impressed any of the others as it did me—
it would have been weakness to have
followed up the idea—but the next day I
cut the class in vivisection.

The question is still unanswered, “ Have
dumb animals no rights that scientific men
should respect ? ” 

The worst effect of vivisection is not, I
believe, the fact of the cruelty to the animal,
but the evil reactionary effect on the man
who practises the business. Work is for the
worker, art is for the artist, love is for the
lover, and murder is for the murderer. The
victim dies—the one who does the deed
lives on 

That poor wretch in the stocks suffered, but


not so direly as did the children who were given opportunity to pelt him with mud. All cruelty and inhumanity react to the detriment of society *Some Chums of Mine*

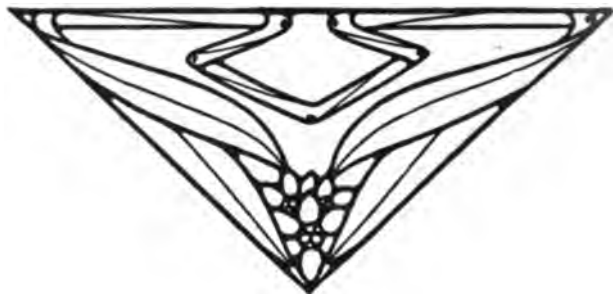
Nature is kind—she puts a quick limit on suffering—perhaps the vivisectionist is right, that the animal does not really suffer much. But the fact is, the vivisector suffers, whether he knows it or not. He has immersed his hands in innocent blood, and instead of being the protector of the helpless, he has taken advantage of the animal's helplessness to destroy it, by a means slow, complex, refined, prolonged and peculiar. Life has become to him cheap and common. Something divine has died out of his soul.

¶ On this phase of the matter, Katherine Tingley very gently suggests a thought:

Do we want a vivisector by the bedside of the sick? Do we not want more than anything else that the consciousness of the physician should be of the highest order, incapable of the slightest prompting from below? And this, not only on general grounds, but because it is from the higher nature that come those flashes of genius and intuition which may mean the salvation of an apparently hopeless case of sickness.

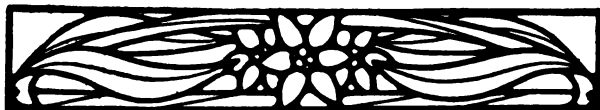
It is also the higher nature which radiates the something that renders the mere presence of some doctors curative. They may only know that they wish well to the patient, but in such men this wish is power.

Some No such feats are possible to the vivisector. His
Chums consciousness has been blunted ; the more deli-
of Mine cate operations of intuition are impossible ; he can
but reason. And if his practise of vivisection has
gone very far he will experiment upon his patient
in the sole interests of knowledge, exactly and for
the same reasons that he operates on the dog 

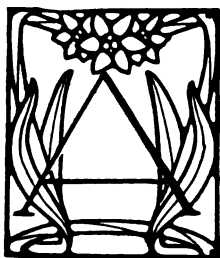


THE CHIN-FLY

Burly, dozing humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek.
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone !—*Emerson.*



Bees have a scheme whereby they eliminate the useless drones. That is where the bees set man a pace. But bees have no way of making a worker out of a drone; and possibly that is where we score one on Brer Bee.



CERTAIN amount of trouble is a good thing. Lincoln used to illustrate the point with a story about a "chin-fly." It seems that once in Sangamon County a man was plowing with a very lazy mule. Suddenly

the mule lifted its head, switched its stump of a tail, and went across the field at a rapid walk and with most unusual energy.

¶ Reaching the end of the row, there was a man on the fence. When the mule and man came up, the fellow got down, walked over to the mule and hit him a slap on the jaw, at the same time remarking, "Well, I killed him that time!"

"Killed what?"

"Why, that chin-fly!"

"Well, you dam fool, I wish you would mind your own business—that chin-fly was the only thing that made this mule go!"

THE CACKLE OF THE DOMINICKER HEN

Some streaks o' yellor sunshine an' the bees a-buzzin'
round,
An' here an' there a dandeli'n a-peepin' from the
ground ;
The johnny-jump-ups smilin' from the shelter of
the sod—
A-liftin' up the'r faces fer the kiss o' Nature's God ;
The pussy-willers buddin' 'long the border of the
brook,
An' liverwort a-bloomin' in the woodland's mossy
nook ;
The sparrowgrass a-sproutin' 'long the garden fence
—it 's then
I like to hear the cackle of the Dominicker hen.

All through the blust'ry winter months that hen sets
mopin' round
Upon the roost—an' hardly puts a foot upon the
ground ;
But when the bluebird comes along, she gits on
speakin' terms
With all the other chickens—an' with all the bugs
an' worms.
It 's then she fluffs her feathers, hunts a nest up
in the hay,
An' struts around an' lays it full o' eggs fer Easter day ;
It 's then the world 's a-wakin' from its slumber—
an' it 's then
I like to hear the cackle of the Dominicker hen.
—James Ball Naylor.

THE CHANTICLEER

Animals have suffered in silence, abuse and neglect for ages, with scarcely a ray of hope of relief. They suffer at the present time, and the evidence is visible everywhere—in the city, the village, the countryside—and this inhumanity of man to his fellow creatures is not chargeable to the poor, the ignorant and criminal classes alone ; cruelty in refined but in equally painful forms is practised likewise by the rich, the educated and the genteel, clear on up to the occupants of thrones. Savageness appears to be one of the inherent characteristics of man, and even a high state of civilization and education has, as yet, rided man of his savage instincts only in a limited degree. The humanitarian contemplates, with amazement, the stupendous expenditure of money and labor in the continuous preparations by every civilized nation of the world, for war upon fellowmen, with whom they might disagree at some time, on some point of etiquette, boundary-lines or other trivial cause, and he looks with equal amazement, and sorrow, upon the needless hardships and wanton cruelties inflicted upon helpless creatures, the animals, by Heathen and Christian alike.—*Adolph Melzer.*





Adolph Melzer





Hark, hark! I hear the strain of strutting chanticleer cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!—Shakespeare.



HAT Rostand pinched the plot for "Cyrano de Bergerac" from Samuel Eberly Gross, of Chicago, there is no doubt  

Rostand's "Rooster" is a dead, cold lift from Ali Baba's play, "The Beauties of Our Barnyard." And Ali Baba stole his plot from me.

The situation is a classic.

The first act of "The Chanticleer" opens with a dark stage. Blackness everywhere! But soon there is a noise like a Plymouth Rock cockerel of discreet years, ringing up Phoebus  

This noise is regarded as a slap at Saint Peter, so the clerics of Paris have cut the play. The Rooster crows, and away she goes. Light enters—first a glimmer, then more.

¶ The Pastor of the Flock opens up his cut-off, and crows again.

There is more light.

Some A few more good cock-a-doodle-doo slams
Chums at Saint Peter and we behold the dramatis
of Mine personae perched in trees.

There is the Old Rooster and a flock of Old Hens 🐔 🐔

The Old Rooster flaps himself out of a tree and the Hens follow, because it is the duty of a Hen to follow a Rooster.

One more crow and the sun comes up 🐔

It is broad daylight, but not too broad.

The Old Rooster explains to the Hens that if he had n't crowed, the sun would not have come up.

This is chicken logic, which is plenty good enough for chickens.

The Rooster believes it—and the Hens never doubt it, for Hens have no capacity for independent thought.

Only Roosters think 🐔 🐔

It must be remembered that the entire intent of this play is to give things as they appear to the Brown Leghorn mind.

The Rooster regards himself as the chief work of Creation, planned and plotted from the Beginning 🐔 🐔

The Barnyard is a Sacred Place, and he is the Boss placed there by the Supreme Farmer, who supplies the grain, and the chickens get sand for their gizzards 'em-selves 🐔 🐔

When the Old Rooster explains to the Old *Some*
Hens how there would have been no light, *Chums*
save for him, they all cackle in glee and *of Mine*
gratitude 🐔 🐔



In the meantime the Old Rooster finds a particularly fine morsel for breakfast. He calls up all the Hens, and when they gather around he gobbles up the morsel and crows twice for luck, and to show them that he is on to his Sacred Job of denying the flesh 🐔 This Old Rooster declares himself infallible. He tackles cats that venture near, and they cut for cover. A dog walks in, and beats it when Mr. Rooster refers to his maternal pedigree. An owl off on a bat, bilin' full, not able to see in the light, gets the stuffing knocked out of him to the great wonder and admiration of the Old Hens.

There is much garrulous, gallinaceous speculation as to men, dogs, cats, owls and hawks, but all agree that the Rooster and the Hen are the things toward which Creation has labored 🐔 🐔

Also, the old question as to which was created first, the egg or the Hen, is broached 🐔 🐔

The question is referred to the Cock-a-Doodle-Doo, and he decides, "Neither; the Rooster was created first."

Here come in the villains of the play—two



Some Big, Wise Owls, traveled and astute. Now,
Chums Owls are not really wise, they only look that
of Mine way. The Owl, you see, is a sort of college
professor  

The Owls doubt the infallibility of the
Rooster, and decide to put him to the test.

¶ A plot is laid, and also hatched.



The Owls hate the Rooster because he
crows, and thus destroys the Night. If he
did n't crow the sun would not come up and
blind the Owls. T' 'ell with all Roosters—
especially this one !

The Owls fly away, and find a beautiful
Guinea-Hen—a genuine lalapaloosa, petite,
pretty, pug-beaked, dainty and spangled in
a directoire gown, cut princesse.

They refer to her wonderful personality—
a thing of which she has always had her
suspicions  



Then they tell her of the Old Rooster, of his
power and his vanity.

Could she lure him to his doom ?

Certainement !—One good look at her, and
he would be hypnotized, paralyzed, mashed
and undone. She never saw anything yet
that wore spurs, wattles and a comb that she
could n't chuck under the beak and walk
away with  

She is a bird, all right, all right.

Act Three reveals the meeting.

They cackle, they crow, they strut, they flap, they fly up on the fence. The Guinea-Hen knows her business   *Some Chums of Mine*

The only way she will be his, is to fly with him. She is no mute Mormon wife—it's all or none.



They fly. Of course he can't fly far nor fast, being short of wind and wing, but he flies at it. She encourages him, and soon with her help he expects to beat the eagles. They are chickens with eagle ambitions.

In their exaltation they scorn and scoff the Supreme Farmer, and cackle at the thought of the Sacred Barnyard.

They take to the Woods.

Act Four shows them billing and cooing in the branches.

The Old Fellow is a little out of his element, but still has his nerve with him.

The Owls are in the background, big of eye, anxious, cautious, but inclined to think they have him, at last, where the Irishman had the hen  

These are Night-Owls, and a night-owl is really the biggest fool that wears feathers.

¶ Night settles down. The lights go out. The beautiful Guinea-Hen tells the Old Rooster to tuck his head under his wing and go to sleep.

It is Samson and Delilah over again  

Some The Old Rooster sleeps, and sleeps soundly.
Chums He snores.
of Mine Act Five shows the same scene, but it is day-light 🐔 🐔

It is nine-thirty before the Old Rooster awakens 🐔 🐔

Horror upon horrors !

The sun is up ! It has come up without the Old Rooster crowing.

The Owls are disappointed, because wise as they were, they did not know that the Sun would come up, Rooster or no.

Their intentions were good, but their reasons rocky.

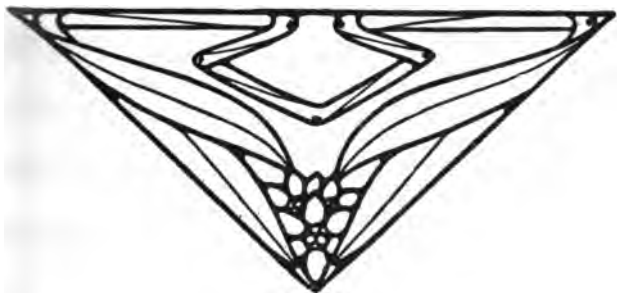
The Guinea-Hen now sees that the Rooster was a bluffer, and a has-been.

She flies away with a gorgeous spangled gamecock 🐔 🐔

The Old Rooster comes off his perch, and with wilted comb starts for the Barnyard, subdued and foolish. Back to the farm ! 🐔

The Old Hens have discovered that the sun comes up without their Old Rooster. One of the hens scratches in the dirt, finds a choice morsel, clucks and when the Old Rooster comes up she gobbles the choice bit before his eyes. They are not all joyous. One of them actually throws it up to him that they can lay as many eggs when he is gone, as when he is at home.

He has not enough spirit left to resent the *Some*
insult ㄅ ㄅ *Chums*
An owl in a tall tree hoots. *of Mine*
The hens cackle.
A cat on the fence spits.
A diabetic dog barks.
As the curtain slowly falls, the Farmer is
seen coming out of the Kitchen with an Ax.



TO MY DOG

Some people think dogs ain't got no sense
And that they don't know what's what,
But from the 'quaintance I've had with them
I've found dogs know a lot.
Trouble is, folks don't seem to understand
What a dog is trying to say.
Why, when he wags his tail he means "I'm glad
to see you,"
And when he growls he means "go 'way."
An' when it comes to takin' care of his health
He knows just what to do,
For he never eats nor sleeps too much
And he don't drink nor smoke nor chew.
Now you just kinda watch your dog
An' I'm sure you'll learn a lesson,
Be kind to him, and you will find
His love will be a blessin'.
He'll stick to you through thick and thin,
And when you're down he'll share your sorrow,
An' wag his tail as if to say
"Cheer up, good luck tomorrow."
Now, when I die, if I've the luck
To reach the golden gate,
And I see a sign, "No dogs allowed,"
By gosh, I'd hesitate.
For if my old pup was standing round,
An' ud look me in the face,
I think I'd have to take a chance
And try the other place.

—Billy B. Van.

GARNETT AND THE BRINDLED COW

BY ALICE HUBBARD

LAMBS AT PLAY

Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along,
As down the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme ;
There panting stop, yet scarcely can refrain—
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again ;
Or if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild briar-roses into snow,
Their little limbs, increasing efforts try ;
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.

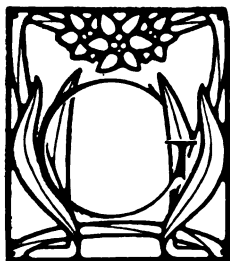
—*Robert Bloomfield.*



Ali Baba and Garnett



Here's a fact I fell on the other day that appealed to me much. How does it strike you? The night-ingale builds but one nest in a season. In this nest she lays just five eggs. If, by chance, these eggs are destroyed—then the miracle: through Desire she re-creates anew, laying five more eggs, and completes the joys of motherhood.



ARNETT is a beautiful saddle-mare. She has never had a harness on her back, and is used to the care and caresses of just one person. She is exceptionally intelligent, but has characteristics in com-

mon with others of the horse kind 🐾 🐾 Just a year ago she became the mother of a very wonderful colt. When he was six months old, the colt had received a good education. He was as competent as a horse as a boy of sixteen is efficient as a man. He was quite successful in finding food. He could grind it. He knew his way to the water-trough, and could find the salt-barrel and would lick it gratefully. He knew the way the storms came from, and would throw his tail to the wind. He was faithful

Some to his exercise, full of health, good-cheer,
Chums animation, and gave promise of being a
of Mine valuable addition to the horse world 🐾 🐾

His mother knows that he can take care of himself, but her fondness for him is as great as ever, although her anxiety for his welfare is not quite so intense.

I repeat that she knows he can take care of himself, for he has demonstrated this to her. He has wonderful use of his hind feet and is skilful in "the gentle art of self-defense"—unnecessarily so.

And yet, yesterday, when the colt had a little accident in the pasture, and it seemed best to bring him to the barn for attention, his mother who was with him was uncontrollable when she thought she was being left behind 🐾 🐾

The three men who were trying to handle the situation gave this mother her way—she compelled them by force—and she came into the stable, triumphantly guarding her precious child as though he really needed it 🐾 🐾

In the same pasture with Garnett and her interesting colt was a two-year-old heifer who has given evidence that she is an individual. She is a little brindled Jersey; not very beautiful, but wonderfully alert. ¶ Yesterday she advertised that she is a

mother ; and as I came near her, she must have given orders to her baby that this was a human being coming—"Look out for trouble!" The calf was not more than twenty-four hours old, but it obeyed instantly and ran around on the far side of the Brindled Cow, peeping around her to see if what its mother had said was absolutely true ♪ ♪

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

In her own way the Brindled Jersey kept the baby informed of where the human was, what it was doing, how near it was approaching, and what the baby was to do at each particular point of possible attack. The calf obeyed. But it was so full of the spirit of exploration and discovery that it pranced up and down and finally made a dash at its mother, which was a challenge that might have delighted the people at Juarez, where the inhabitants and visitors in El Paso go on Sunday, after mass.

The men on the farm were informed of the situation, and three of them were sent to bring the Brindled Cow and her calf to the dairy ♪ ♪

The mother, in language which her offspring well understood, told the calf where to hide, and aided in the hiding by giving the men a merry chase through the woods. She was well aware why she was running,

Some and knew her baby was safely crouching
Chums under the little trees and shrubs.

of Mine The men suddenly missed the calf, and two of them turned to hunt for it while the third kept the little mother in sight. The hunt continued until almost dark. Finally, they took the cow out of the pasture, thinking it would be an easy matter to find the baby when the mother had disappeared 🐾 🐾

I am afraid they used cold force in getting the mother a mile and a half to the dairy ; but they accomplished it.

One man hunted far into the twilight for the calf, but it gave no sign. The woods were in absolute stillness.

The next morning the men were sure the calf could be found, but they spent half a day in a vain search.

This little creature, not yet two days old, knew how to obey, and understood that she was to lie low, keep still, neither whimper nor cry, until Mother came for her. And the baby had absolute faith in its mother—knew that she would come 🐾 🐾 How the little one fought the pangs of hunger and overcame fear and loneliness, I do not know. But the calf kept its compact with its mother.

And the mother? 🐾 🐾

She was put into a dungeon, known to the men as a box stall, and was given the best treatment that man knows how to give in such circumstances. There was no way they could tell her they had three men out hunting her baby. *Some Chums of Mine*

About ten o'clock in the morning they let her go out into the yard to the trough for a drink. Did she drink? She made a quick dash for the fence. With one wild leap she cleared the high gate. Down through the pasture she ran like a wild doe, over a barbed-wire fence, down a precipitous bank of forty feet, landed, got her bearings, and ran half a mile into the village, through the streets, out into the open again, jumped another fence, swam the river, and then, straight to the hiding-place where she had left her calf 🐄 🐄



She, too, kept her compact.

And what was it gave this cow all that energy and intuition so that she outwitted clever men, overcame all obstacles, did the impossible, and kept her promise?

It is what we call Mother Love 🐄 🐄



What was it caused Garnett to persuade three men that they had better give her her way? It was what is called Mother Love.



¶ We talk about natural forces, the powers that must be submitted to by men. There is

Some a force in the Universe just as potent, more
Chums wonderful than the force that causes the
of Mine tide daily to wash the shining sands ; as
the manifestation called Electricity ; as that
which draws the water to find the level of
its source ; that pulls the river over the
cataract into the abyss ; that causes the
seed to expand, burst its bonds, to force its
life up through the hard, brown earth,
toward the blue  

This power is Mother Love.



There is a story told of a woman whose
baby was given away by its father. And the
mother would have risen from her bed and
grasped that baby to her heart, and given
her life to keep it with her, but for the force
which was greater than she—that force
which is called Weakness.

She could not rise from her bed, but she
could grieve her heart out, and sorrow and
agonize and never forget, and die because
she remembered  



I know two women who are mothers, and
I knew them first when their babies were
six weeks old. Each mother was equipped
with Mother Love—as well equipped as are
Garnett and the Brindled Cow. So far as I
have been able to learn, the quality of this
power is the same in the lower animals and
human beings  

Each mother would fight to the death to keep her inherent right of caring for her child.
The fathers of these babies?

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

A force had taken possession of these men which was greater than father love. And they had obeyed the greater force, and are now neither visible nor available. Neither of them gives anything towards the support of his child  

Now these mothers have been so fortunate as to find employment.

I congratulate their employers on having secured the services of these women, for they are giving a service second to no one. They would work loyally, faithfully, to their death for the right of taking care of their children; so dear is that right to mothers!  

No work is too hard for them.

Do they quibble about what they are asked to do?

Indeed they do not.

"Bring on your work. We thrive on it!" is their attitude. They have an incentive to work beyond that of the game of business: it is to earn for their loved ones.

They can not lay up money, nor make provision for the future, neither for their children nor for themselves.

They are just living today, doing their best,

Some and with the deepest gratitude that they
Chums are able to stay through the night with their
of Mine babies and work through the day, to provide food, shelter and clothing for them ♣
They have taken very great care and pains to find a mother who can stay at home and take care of their loved ones with her own, and they pay her for it ♣ ♣

This is a way that Mother Love manifests itself under certain conditions.

Now, the authorities of the city in which these women are employed have made their demands upon the mothers. The mothers and babies have been inspected and the mothers have been commanded to give good care to these children, or they will be taken from them ♣ ♣

These women are poor, they are not able to pay fifteen dollars a week apiece for the care of the little ones. But they have a woman in humble circumstances who gives her heart's love to the babies, cares for them during the day as some poor in sore difficulties know how to do.

But the inspectors inspected and criticized the mothers and gave them their choice between their prescribed care and the alternative ♣ ♣

"What do you mean?" cried one mother.
"Do you think I would neglect my baby?"

I have nothing else on earth to live for but *Some*
this baby. I am giving my life for it!" *Chums*
Even the inspectors were moved and said *of Mine*
the mother meant well and that possibly
the child would come along fairly well *the*
Garnett and the Brindled Cow possess a
power that man has to respect. They have
their way with regard to the care of their
babies, and man co-operates with them.
He has to! They have not a force called
Weakness to combat. They have more
brute force than he has, sixteen to one *the*
Women have the same kind of Mother
Love, and as sincere as that of Garnett and
the Brindled Cow.

But civilization has introduced this power
of Weakness, which is pitted against the
power of Mother Love.

Woman has lost her brute force as she has
acquired refinement, sentiment, intelligence.
Primitive Mother Love, however, with all
its instincts, remains the same *the the*

Woman was made a chattel during the
transitional period from brute to human *the*
The greatest, strongest power that Nature
knows is manifested through Mothers.
Man's fierce frenzy when fighting a rival is
tame compared with the divine fury of
Mother Love turned awry.

Man does not co-operate with the human

Some mother as he does with the animal. The
Chums problem of Garnett and the human mother
of Mine is the same, except that the human mother
has not Garnett's power of persuasion. We
take care to provide that we shall have
a strong, sturdy stock from which to breed
our pigs, cattle, horses. We take great pains
in selecting the breed of fowls that we
shall propagate from.

But as an intelligent, thinking, reasoning
race of human beings, we have made no
provision whereby mothers as mothers, not
as families, not as specially favored women,
can have the required time and means for
their business of developing citizens. We
did not ask Garnett to be a draft-horse
nor a saddle-horse, nor compete with other
horses during the time she was in the
business of rearing her offspring. We kept
her just as independent as any horse can
be. She was not obliged to cringe, nor feel
distressingly grateful for her grain, hay
and water, nor for the currying done to her.
¶ She was a free, independent, glorious
member of the horse family, and has had
a jubilant, glorious experience in being a
mother. She carries her head prouder than
any other member of her race that I know.
She is glorious to see ; prized because she is
herself and a mother, and valued and cared

for more than any other horse in the stable.

¶ The two women who have splendid babies, as fine specimens of humanity as Garnett's colt is of the horse kind, must be inspected, criticized, demands made of them, and from force of circumstances they have a perpetual knowledge that there is very little between their children and charity. ♣ ♣

*Some
Chums
of Mine*

It seems to me that as intelligent human beings we are the most foolish of all the creatures of the earth. ♣ ♣

We take careful thought and make good provision for our trees and for plant life, our fish, our fowl, birds of the air, beasts of the field, and all domesticated animals. And yet, with all our boasted brain-power, we have not taken into consideration the greatest force in Nature, manifested in human beings, and have made no permanent provision whereby we can be assured of race betterment, or even of race perpetuity.

Some Christians, under the stress of special emotion, weep at the statement, "Christ died for me." Preachers sometimes raise large sums of money, by forcing men to accept for the moment a fictitious obligation of sacrifice said to have been made two thousand years ago. Some of them promise to give a perpetual tithe for the maintenance

**Some of an Institution founded on this spurious
Chums responsibility ❧ ❧
of Mine**

In this practical age, when men are looking facts in the face and grasping them by the hand, would it be out of place for them to recognize a real obligation to Mothers here and now ; these Mothers who would gladly give their lives, and without reserve, for their children ?

Mothers have not too much Mother Love. The extent of the care and protection to their children is not too great.

What mothers most need is wisdom. Women must develop their brains, their general intelligence, their efficiency. They must make themselves individuals in this world.

¶ They must look into life and realize what woman's specialty is, what her unique responsibilities are. They must understand that Nature's greatest power is working through them ❧ ❧

Let wisdom direct Mother Love.

Every responsibility, great and small, that woman can carry, she should carry, in order that her brain may be developed and her individuality conserved.

The mother is the only person who can take the vow of constancy.

Husband and wife may love until death do them part, or they may hate.

And the child may forget its mother ♫ ♫ Some
But the mother never forgets. To the day Chums
of her death, she loves her babe. Though it of Mine
dies she does not forget.

Misfortunes, mistakes, sin, crimes, do not
annihilate her affection.

Her last earth memory may be the first
lullaby she sang to her baby.

"Until death do us part."

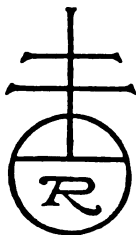
It is man's great obligation that so far as
he can he shall give women absolute free-
dom of action ♫ ♫

Where he has the responsibility of parent-
hood, he should realize the dignity and the
tremendous importance of the fact that
mothers are in a business inferior to none,
and that women must be of superior intel-
ligence and have superior resources in order
to carry on this business.

And also this: Public provision should be
made whereby mothers may at least be
equal to Garnett and the Brindled Cow in
value, power and freedom.

**Animals are such friends : they ask no questions,
they pass no criticisms.—*George Eliot.***

HERE ENDETH
"PIG-PEN PETE,"
AND VARIOUS OTHER
VENTURES IN NATURE-FAKING,
ALL AS TRUTHFULLY DONE IN LOVE
FOR HIS DUMB BROTHERS, BY
FRA ELBERTUS, EXCEPT
AS OTHERWISE
INDICATED



COLLECTED
AND COLLATED,
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